

TWENTY CENTS

APRIL 22, 1951

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JOHN FOSTER DULLES
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VOL. LVIII NO. 7



Bonnie Bowers

*Would you hire
a Secretary who
COULDN'T take Shorthand?*



CHANCES ARE that you wouldn't put up with the time you'd lose if all of your correspondence had to be taken "longhand."

Yet some businessmen still lose far more time than this throughout the year because they travel the old fashioned way. They needlessly waste valuable time away from their offices on trips that could be cut in half by efficient, modern air transportation.

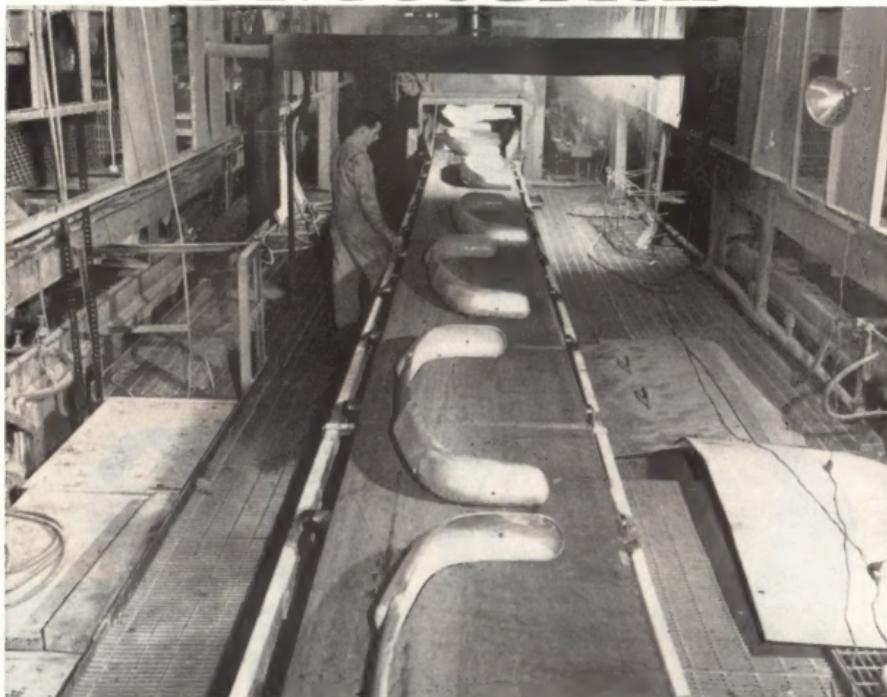
Flagship travel is *good business* because it gets business by bringing customers closer and *new prospects* within reach. That's why, when 3000 businessmen with air travel experience were polled by a research organization for a famous news magazine, they voted *air transportation their favorite mode of travel*—fastest, most comfortable and most convenient.

America's Leading Airline **AMERICAN AIRLINES INC.**

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Rubber highway for bumper-to-bumper traffic

A typical example of B.F. Goodrich product improvement

THOSE curved pieces of steel will soon be gleaming bumpers on new automobiles. But until they are trimmed and polished, they're rough riders on conveyor belts. The plant was using belts without rubber covers, but the sharp, jagged edges of steel used to chew them to pieces in 3 months. And each time a belt gave way in the half mile long "highway", the plant had a traffic jam. That meant a lot of bumpers were late.

Then a B. F. Goodrich man suggested replacing these short-lived belts with an improved rubber belt made by

B. F. Goodrich. This belt is built with a tough rubber cover that resists cuts and gouges. And because the belt has this cover on both sides, it can be turned over when one side becomes worn and used for months more.

The B. F. Goodrich belt was installed, has already lasted over a year in round-the-clock service—4 times longer than the uncovered belts previously used. This BFG belt not only saved the cost of 3 replacements but also has saved the cost of lost production during shutdowns.

So whether it's heavy pieces of steel

you want to move, or any kind of material—rock, sand, coal, hot coke, ice, lime, potash, or just plain packages—B. F. Goodrich has made improvements in conveyor belting that can save you money. All kinds of industrial products, including hose, transmission belts, V belts, have been made better through BFG research. That's why you're sure of better values in rubber when you call in your BFG distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial and General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



"To the Ladies-Bless 'em!"

...THEY GAVE US PUSH-BUTTON STARTING

When they threw away the starting crank, the ladies scored a triumph. They were the ones most insistent in demanding a push-button world—a development in which Auto-Lite played a most important role.

IT WAS 1912 when Auto-Lite gave the world the first 6-volt electric starting system in which the starter and generator were separate units. As standard equipment on the Abbott-Detroit in that year, this new starter pioneered the principle now in common use for all cars. From



AUTO-LITE

Manufacturers of...

BATTERIES • BUMPERS • CASTINGS • FUEL PUMPS • HORNS
GENERATORS • LIGHTING UNITS • SWITCHES • MOTORS
INSTRUMENTS & GAUGES • WINDSHIELD WIPERS • WIRE
& CABLE • SPARK PLUGS • METAL FABRICATED ASSEMBLIES
IGNITION UNITS • PLASTICS



producing more than 400 products in 28 great Auto-Lite plants from coast to coast. Today, Auto-Lite products, backed by world-wide service facilities, are original equipment on many makes of America's finest cars, trucks, tractors, airplanes and boats. Their 40-year record of dependable performance is summed up in the phrase, "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."



LETTERS

"Nullo" in '52?

Sir:

As nearly as I can gather from a sampling of forecasts, the long-suffering U.S.A.-ers are likely to be forced with a '52 presidential choice between Harry S. Truman and Robert Taft. It will be like playing "nullo" with the resources of the nation—human, spiritual and material. Low man wins—because what can we choose between these two egocentric party-liners other than the lesser evil?

Heaven help us if soon there does not emerge among our politicians a leader who has better than a party-eye view of this democracy of ours...

CLARICE H. HUFFAKER

Omaha

Sir:

Your July 30 correspondent, A. E. Cornell, wants to rally the independents for Eisenhower... And he says, "Taft can't win." That's what they all said out in Ohio. But Taft will win again, while "Ike" waits for both parties to nominate him.

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD

New York City

Vinson on Truth

Sir:

In the July 23 issue you quote Chief Justice Vinson as saying, "Nothing is more certain in modern society than the principle that there are no absolutes." Vinson either contradicts himself or he is a very foolish man, for he says in effect that he is not absolute about his very statement.

If he really believes what he says, what

Cheese Fancier's Corner

"SOCIAL life in America," remarked a much-entertained foreign visitor recently, "seems to be bounded on the North by a floating olive and on the South by a cooled or over-cooked dinner."

One may question the accuracy of the observation without winking the grim, gastronomical fact: in great American cities, several hours and many miles may lie between the *apéritif* and the soup.



With that in mind, more and more thoughtful hostesses are adopting the pleasant custom of the cheese tray for 5 o'clock parties. It offers guests the charms of choice. It is the easiest of all party fare. Gastronomically, cheese is the perfect partner for beverages. And what a boon to the guest whose dinner waits eight suburbs away!

For such trays Kraft offers a beautiful array of cheeses—some of them imports, some foreign types made here, and some native Americans of highest cheesemaking traditions.

For just two or three 5 o'clock guests, consider a small tray that might hold:



a wedge of lusty-mellow Chantelle Brand... some racy rounds of Blue Chip Brand, a blue club cheese, on crisp crackers... nut-sweet slices of Casino Brand Swiss.

For a large, planned party you'll certainly want the drama of a "red ball cheese" in the center of a bountiful tray. Pick a big scarlet Jay Brand Edam (imported by Kraft from Holland) or the smaller Casino Brand Gouda. Around it, wedges of beautifully marbled Louis Rigal Roquefort from France, and crusty Casino Brand Camembert. To spread—Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with Chives. Add Casino Brand Swiss and, of course, a good yellow cheese: Kay Brand Natural Cheddar, Kraft Sharp Cheddar or Kraft New York State Cheddar.



Any one of these distinguished cheeses is, of course, a happy thought for *apéritif à deux*. And incidentally, if there is a man around your house who keeps the refrigerator stocked with cold bottles all summer long, be on the watch for Kraft's quite rare Lager Käse—described by one of its devotees as "the most beautiful of all stinky cheeses!"



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August 13, 1951

Volume LVIII
Number 7

TIME, AUGUST 13, 1951



GULF SUMMER-GRADE No-Nox GASOLINE

It's Specially Blended for Top Hot-weather Performance—Power-FULL to Bring Out Your Car's FULL Horsepower!

Drive into your Gulf dealer's today and get these 4 big summer-motoring advantages for your car:

1. **SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX** gives freedom from engine knocks and pings that usually grow worse as temperatures soar.
2. **SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX** resists hot-weather vapor-lock that so often causes annoying engine balking and stalling.
3. **SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX** gives smooth, s-m-o-o-t-h velvet-like power at all speeds . . . smoother idling for easier driving in traffic!
4. **SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX** resists hot-weather evaporation . . . you get full mileage from every gallon!

You bet it's a world-beater! SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX means more miles, more value, more summer-driving pleasure per gallon! Try a tankful now! See how your car perks up . . . what fun summer driving can really be with Gulf's great SUMMER-GRADE NO-NOX!



CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

...Bob Feller

AS AN AWKWARD ROOKIE OF 17, FELLER STRUCK OUT 17 PHILADELPHIA ATHLETICS IN ONE GAME TO TIE THE MAJOR LEAGUE RECORD, AND THEN RETURNED TO HIGH SCHOOL!



"RAPID ROBERT" FELLER, FIREBALL KING OF THE CLEVELAND INDIANS, RANKS WITH THE GREATEST SPEED ARTISTS OF ALL TIME. HIS PHENOMENAL THROWING ARM HAS EARNED HIM MORE MONEY THAN ANY OTHER PITCHER IN THE GAME'S HISTORY.



Shaving Value Without Equal!

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SUPER-SPEED
RAZOR \$100
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IN STYRENE TRAVEL CASE

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AMERICA'S FASTEST-SELLING RAZOR,
THE ULTRAMODERN GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED,
IS BRINGING REAL SHAVING CONVENIENCE,
COMFORT AND ECONOMY TO MILLIONS OF
MEN. ENJOY INSTANT BLADE CHANGING AND
THE SLICKEST, EASIEST SHAVES OF YOUR LIFE.
GET A GILLETTE SUPER-SPEED RAZOR!

Look Your Best And Feel It Too...
Always Use
Gillette Blue Blades

• MEN'S GOOD APPEARANCE starts with a slick shave . . . the kind you always get with Gillette Blue Blades. Buy them in the handy Dispenser that ZIPS out a new blade presto and stores the used blade in a special compartment.

look sharp! feel sharp! be sharp! use Gillette Blue Blades WITH THE SHARPEST EDGES EVER HONED

© 1951 Gillette Safety Razor Co., Inc., Somerville, N.J.

ZIP!
Blade hooks
on-drops in
place PRESTO!



manner of men have we heading up the Government? On what principle of certitude do they base their profound judgments? Truth that is which is, or can be . . .

NEIL R. GAHAGAN
Stratford, Conn.

Sir:
Assuming that Mr. Vinson is an honorable man, his only alternative is to resign from his job as interpreter of our laws . . . This action is certainly the best he could do in the interests of our nation.

Eagleville, Pa. MARY MEYER

Pass the Plums, Please

Sir:
If Dr. George M. Smith prefers pigs to peaches [TIME, July 23], he's welcome to them. But to peddle the idea that it's more physiological to run your fruits & vegetables through a pig before eating them is a far cry from the physiology I studied in medical school . . .

For my money, I'll eat the "deteriorating diet" of the Maoris of New Zealand and join the modern craze for fruits & vegetables. If more Americans would follow suit, we might better off our sorry statistics: three out of four Americans eat an inadequate diet, short on fresh fruits and green vegetables.

J. DEWITT FOX, M.D.
Washington

Endorsement for a P.R.O.

Sir:
. . . In your issue of July 23 you say of Brigadier General Frank A. ("Honk") Allen: ". . . As press chief for General Eisenhower during World War II, he was blamed for holding up news of the German offensive at the Battle of the Bulge." Blamed, yes, by those who did not know that in Allen's pocket there was an order from Lieut. General Walter Bedell Smith, Chief of Staff of SHAEF, saying in substance, "there will be a lag of 48 hours in all news given about our positions during this situation". . .

You say further: "He also held up the news of the German surrender and the war's end until A.P.'s Ed Kennedy defied the ban and broke the story." But for one who was sitting alongside of Allen when he pleaded with General Eisenhower to get the "heads of state" to release the story of the surrender ahead of the time agreed upon by [the Allies] and heard the reply from Eisenhower, "Those are my orders, Allen, and by God, they are yours, too!" this continued blaming of Allen strikes a very sour note.

And now the correspondents are blaming Allen again—forgetting that the chain of command is still Pentagon and/or State Department, Supreme Commander and then Information Chief . . .

BURROWS MATTHEWS
Editor

Buffalo Courier-Express
(Formerly Chief of Operations, SHAEF)

RCA's General

Sir:
Your David Sarnoff July 23 article was terrific. The cover itself was close to being a masterpiece. While being ostensibly a picture of General Sarnoff on a background of RCA 45 r.p.m. multicolored records (the "5-inch record with the 6-inch hole," as it was first laughingly referred to), it was, to a radio engineer, a greatly enlarged artist's representation of the face of one type of RCA color television picture tube. This tube has red, blue and green dots in a mosaic pattern similar to Artist Chaliapin's . . .

W.M. B. LURIE
Bronxville, N.Y.

Sir:
As an ex-office boy (1930-36) to General Sarnoff . . . I remember well his prediction

Thinking Inventing Building

TO MEET THE COUNTRY'S TELEPHONE NEEDS

The responsibility of the Bell System does not consist of merely supplying good telephone service today. We have to be always creating so that the service grows better and better.



THE CALL FOR PROGRESS

This process of creation can never stop, for the country's telephone needs are continually changing and increasing. So we must always be thinking ahead and inventing ahead and building for the future. This is what the country looks to us to do and we are doing it. It is especially important in these days of national defense.

The pre-eminence of telephone research and manufacturing reflects a dynamic policy and point of view throughout the business. The people needed to come up with new ideas and put them into action are constantly being encouraged and given opportunity.

We shall continue to meet the challenge of the future and do our full part, always, to advance the welfare, the strength and the security of the United States of America.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



drive in style...for less per mile!



It's satisfying to drive a car that makes everyone turn to admire its smart lines and fleetness. But beyond that, you'll be proud of a car that gives an extra 100 miles to every 8 gallon tankful of gas. Write for name of nearest dealer.

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In Europe fly



most
Americans do

Last year, 52,000 Americans flew by British European Airways — easily, smoothly, quickly — around Europe and the United Kingdom.

Consult your Travel Agent or British Overseas Airways Corporation, general sales agents.

British European
Airways

in those days of an individual "wearing on his person a miniature radio receiving set—each assigned his own frequency"—so many years ahead of Dick Tracy*. . .

JOHN ESPOSITO

New York City

Machine-Age Change

Sir:

Has the quality of our minds changed or has the machine age changed us?

"Clutter to Clarity" is as revealing as the sharp, clear color in which TIME [July 30] presented two of the rooms I designed for the opening of Corning Glass Works' new museum. The precision of the machine age appears to have created a new kind of elegance.

Probably without analyzing it, the Victorian woman felt impelled to cover herself with layer upon heavy layer of elegant materials, awkwardly expanded with hoops and bustles, to help her personality compete with the cluttered detail of her rooms. The woman of today . . . can sparkle even in a simple sheath gown, without fear that the elegance of her personality and appearance will be lost . . .

LEIGH ALLEN

New York City

P.S. to Cicero Story

Sir:

As a Negro soldier over here in Korea, I sometimes wonder just what am I really fighting for when I read about such riots as those that occurred in Cicero and other American communities.

The people of Cicero by such unwarranted bigotry have created a deadlier effect on my morale and on hundreds of other Negroes here than any Communist bullet.

I must warn [them] that they cannot ever expect the Americans to prove to the millions of people in Asia and Africa that our form of government is really the best for them, when American citizens participate in such riots.

(Pfc.) KARL LAVAL YOUNG
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco

Sir:

Your story made me angrier than anything I have read in a long time.

If American citizens living in the U.S. are being deprived of their . . . rights, what in the name of heaven are we doing trying to establish freedom, justice, etc., etc. over here? . . .

(Sgt.) TEX KNOLLE
Tokyo, Japan

Sir:

. . . I am filled with shame for my fellow "white" man.

Please forward the enclosed check to Sergeant Harvey E. Clark Jr. as a small contribution toward replacing his destroyed furniture.

R. MATSON

Los Angeles

Sir:

The least that can be done is to make known to Mr. Clark that other Americans are ashamed of what happened and want to help. I assume you will receive other contributions and will be grateful if you will kindly send to Mr. Clark the amount represented by this check to help replace what he lost.

WALTER H. GRAY
Bishop of Connecticut
Hartford, Conn.

TIME has forwarded these checks, along with other contributions, directly to the Harvey Clarks.—Ed.

* Who has a two-way wrist radio.



BOB HOPE, star of the Paramount picture, "The Lemon Drop Kid," packed the huge Birmingham, Alabama, Municipal Auditorium when NBC's "Bob Hope Show for Chesterfield" appeared there recently. There are 1,850 Samson Folding Chairs in the auditorium! Mr. C. E. Wiberg, Purchasing Agent for the City of Birmingham, says: "Why Samson? Well, folding chairs in an active auditorium like ours take an awful beating, and we have found that Samson chairs cannot be surpassed."



Bob Hope's gags rocked Birmingham audience—but the audience couldn't rock the 1,850 sturdy Samson chairs!

People rock with laughter at Bob Hope—as they did in Birmingham. But Samson Folding Chairs don't. They're steady, sturdy—"strong enough to stand on"—comfortable, economical. They're easy to set up, take down, fold; stack and store.

The installation in the Birmingham Auditorium calls for frequent changes of seating arrangements—yet, in spite of rough and constant usage, Samson Folding Chairs keep on looking and working as if they'd just come from the factory.

When you're interested in folding chairs, be sure to see Samson. There's an authorized contract dealer in your community who will show you Samson Folding Chairs to fit your specific needs—for there's a Samson to serve every public seating purpose.

Shwayder Bros., Inc., Detroit 29, Michigan • Also makers of Samson Furniture and Samsonite Luggage • Luggage Division, Denver 9, Colorado.



Illustrated: Samson 1800 Series all-metal chair. Samson prices are low on quantity purchases. Ask your authorized dealer for special contract prices.

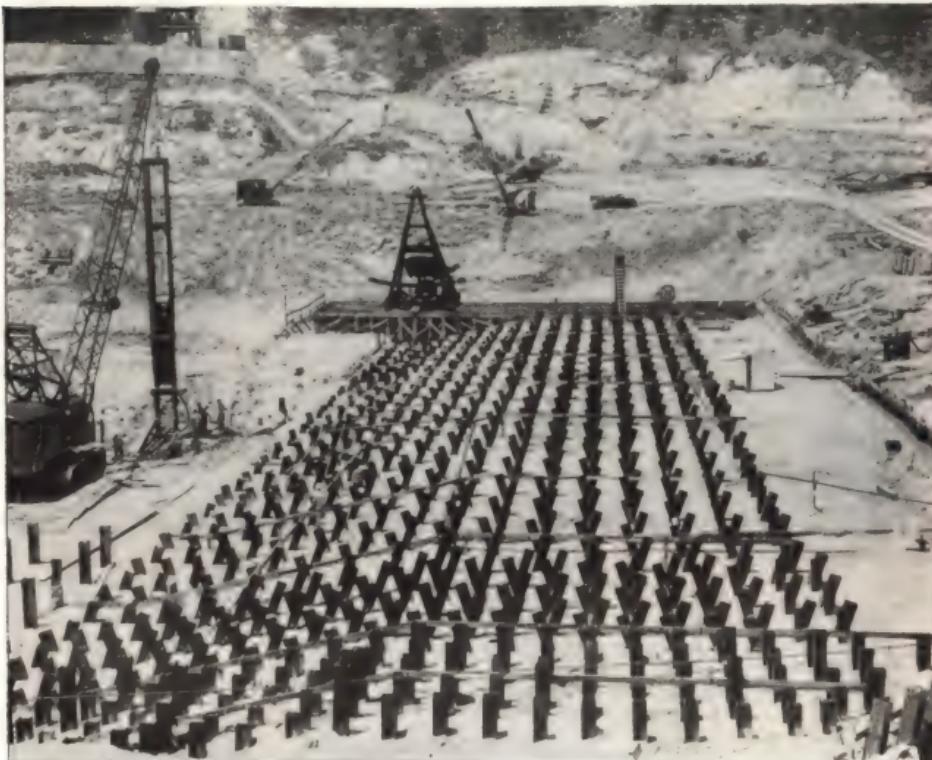
Check these exclusive Samson folding chair features:

DURABLE CONSTRUCTION. Electrically welded, tubular steel legs and frame for maximum strength! Chip-resistant outdoor enamel baked to brilliant, permanent finish! All metal parts powderized for rust-resistance! Steel furniture glides on each leg—tips covered with replaceable, non-marring rubber feet. Tubular steel cross braces for extra rigidity.

COMFORTABLE GOOD LOOKS. Choice of colors. Posture-designed seat and back for perfect seating comfort. **ABSOLUTE SAFETY.** Perfectly balanced—won't tip.

EASY HANDLING. Folds compactly, noiselessly. Easy to stack...takes little storage space.

Only STEEL can do so many jobs



TANK TRAPP No, these are steel bearing piles in the foundation of a huge spillway for a dam. When the dam is finished, you'll never know the steel piles are there; yet, like the steel skeleton of skyscrapers, the steel reinforcement in concrete roads, the steel piping and nails in your home, this tough, enduring metal works for you, unseen, to create greater strength, safety, utility.



"THE MAN WITH THE GAS IS HERE, MUMMIE!" "A-la-carte" delivery of bottled gas for use in homes beyond the city's mains is big business today. And many of the steel bottles in which liquefied petroleum gas is delivered are made from high-strength U-S-S MAN-TEN Steel which cuts bottle weight 30% and yet provides the great strength and resistance to rough handling necessary in these containers.

AMERICAN BRIDGE COMPANY • AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE COMPANY and CYCLONE FENCE DIVISION • COLUMBIA STEEL COMPANY • CONSOLIDATED WESTERN TENNESSEE COAL, IRON & RAILROAD COMPANY • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY

so well...



VERSATILE WEAPON. This is a tankdozer—part tank, part bulldozer, equipped to fight or work. It's been called one of the most versatile weapons of modern warfare. United States Steel supplies steel for the building of weapons like this, as well as for countless essential peacetime articles. Lucky that U.S. Steel is big enough to turn out steel for bulldozers as well as auto bodies, for guns as well as baby carriages.



STAINLESS STEEL SPLINT used to mend soldier's leg. This splint supplied the answer for a stubborn compound fracture that wouldn't mend. Made of non-corrosive stainless steel, the splint was screwed tightly to the injured bone, and will remain permanently inside the leg. The operation has been pronounced a success.



STRAIGHT OUT OF A DREAM of the 25th century might come a strange-looking contrivance like this. Actually, it's a 20th century catalyst collector used in a large petroleum refinery. And U-S-S Stainless Steel was used extensively in its fabrication . . . for the same reasons that make U-S-S Stainless so important for hundreds of items in our defense program: corrosion resistance, combined with great strength.

FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL

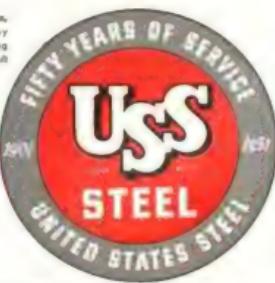
Nearly 97 million tons of steel were made in America last year—7 million tons more than were produced in 1944, the peak of steel production in World War II. And America's steel industry is still expanding rapidly.

Listen to . . . NBC Symphony Orchestra, presented every Sunday evening by United States Steel, National Broadcasting Company, coast-to-coast network. Consult your newspaper for time and station.

... and this trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

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Helping to Build a Better America



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UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY • VIRGINIA BRIDGE COMPANY



"DAD... LOOK HOW OUR CAR SHINES!"

JIMMIE shares his Dad's pride in keeping the family car in top-notch condition. Dad believes in protecting his investment in another way, too... in adequate insurance protection with Hardware Mutuals.

For up-to-date, expert advice on your automobile insurance, see your Hardware Mutuals representative. He'll recommend the coverages you need for real peace-of-mind protection, including increased limits of liability. And he'll point out the reasons why more and more motorists are switching their insurance to Hardware Mutuals.

3,000 attorneys and adjusters, representing Hardware Mutuals in communities across the entire nation, are ready to give you prompt, fair claim handling. Hardware Mutuals policy back of the policy makes your interests our first consideration—assures you fast, friendly, day-and-night service. More than \$100,000,000 in dividend savings has been returned to policyholders since organization.

Call Western Union by number, ask for Operator 25, and request the name and address of your nearest Hardware Mutuals representative. He's a good man to know!

Insurance for your AUTOMOBILE... HOME... BUSINESS

Hardware Mutuals

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HARDWARE MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY • HARDWARE DEALERS MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY



Start of a Beautiful Friendship

SOMEWHERE long ribbons of concrete are beckoning to you and this finest of Buicks.

Slip into the driver's seat. Sink yourself in cushions of double-depth softness—and you're set for a great adventure.

That hood stretching out before your eyes is full of horsepower, eager for you to touch it off.

The wheel awaits the gentle guidance of your hand—and a special "front end geometry" holds you on course almost as if there were an automatic pilot in the car.

Dynaflow Drive responds so smoothly that you feel you've known it for years.

And four coil springs—one on each wheel—carry you with a levelness that lets you forget there's a road beneath you.

**When better automobiles are built
Buick will build them**

This is motoring as you've always dreamed it would be!

But all this doesn't happen by accident.

The nimble sure-footedness of this beauty comes from many things.

It comes from a valve-in-head Fireball Engine with a reserve of power so great that few owners have ever reached its limit.

It comes from two-ton-plus of well-distributed weight—and a torque tube that puts a firm keel beneath you—makes coil springing possible.

It comes from brakes of advanced design which let you enjoy this

extra power and extra weight with added safety.

It comes from a long list of expert engineering features that make a ROADMASTER one of the finest cars in the world by every standard.

So that warm affection you feel on first acquaintance is going to grow with the months and years.

And—if you've been thinking that a car so fine is beyond your means—you're in for another thrill.

At the prices your Buick dealer is quoting, this is clearly the buy of buys in the fine-car field.

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS
Equipment, accessories, trim and models are subject to change without notice.

ROADMASTER

Custom Built by BUICK

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Trouble at West Point

The nation, which already had its fill of scandal and corruption, was shocked, sorry and puzzled by the news from West Point. Ninety of the Academy's 2,500 cadets, among them the bulk of Army's disciplined and magnificent football team, faced dismissal for a breach of the Cadet Corps' sacrosanct honor system.

At first glance, the mass dismissal seemed a severe, regrettable but eminently clear-cut and righteous act of disciplinary surgery, performed in the interests of the Army's loftiest ideals. The facts, as announced, were few and terse. The Academy's honor code—which every cadet is not only duty-bound to shun lying, cheating and stealing, but to report his own transgressions and those of his fellows—had been broken. Academy officials had learned, from one cadet's report, of wholesale cribbing for examinations. Concerned for the Academy's integrity, the Army then arranged for an investigation by a three-man board headed by the famed, 79-year-old jurist, Judge Learned Hand.

"Painful Decision." Hand called it one of the most "painful" decisions of his life. The morality of the country, the three-man board felt, would be endangered if it allowed any compromise of the honor of men who were to lead their fellow citizens to battle. And a breach of the cadet code also involved a fundamental consideration—a cadet's place on the graduation list determines his place in the Army hierarchy; one who cheats gains a lifelong advantage over those who do not. The board's recommendation: dismissal.

The news, handed out at West Point in a mimeographed, flatly worded communiqué made even the college basketball gambling scandals pale in comparison. The honor code had been set up in 1817 by the "Father of West Point," stern Sylvanus Thayer, given its final shape during the tour of General Douglas MacArthur in the '20s, and came to occupy in a West Pointer's mind, like Eisenhower once said, a position "akin to the virtue of his mother or sister."

But within a few hours the Academy's troubles, like most human difficulty, began to seem less one-sided. The Academy named no names, but some of the 90 identified themselves to newsmen. It quickly became apparent that the temptation to crib for exams had been intensified by the Army's emphasis on football.



Associated Press

THREE OF THE ACCUSED go*

A cadet must not lie, cheat or steal, and must tell on those who do.

Repeated Questions. Players, faced with bruising schedules against the best college teams in the country, still had to maintain the iron scholastic requirements of the Academy. They were helped, with the Army's full approval, by upper-class tutors. One of these, Cadet Ronald Clough, said that when players he was helping gave him problems to do, he often got the same problems the next day in his own classes.

The Army sometimes gave exactly the same test to different classes, giving cadets a chance to pass on questions.

According to the honor system, such incidents should have been reported. Accused cadets charged, however, that such cribbing had been going on at the Academy for years among men who have since served in Korea, where some of them have died in battle. Academy officials replied starchily that once a West Pointer graduates and is commissioned, he starts with a clean slate, is considered "an officer and a gentleman." But if such cheating had gone on before, unchecked and unpunished, the 90 were being sharply punished, while others, equally guilty, went free. The cadets also angrily insisted that scores more of their classmates had cribbed, denied it and escaped punishment.

At week's end, the West Point affair seemed less like a scandal than a cause for self-searching on the part of both the nation and the Army. Angry voices were raised in Congress. Arkansas' Senator J. William Fulbright, an ex-football player

U.S. WAR CASUALTIES

The Defense Department last week reported 350 more U.S. casualties (including 67 dead) in Korea. The smallest weekly casualty list of the war, it brought total U.S. losses to 78,731. (The official casualty list totals 80,079, but includes 1,348 missing, who have since returned to duty.) The breakdown:

DEAD	13,407
WOUNDED	54,541
MISSING	10,624
CAPTURED	159

Total casualties by service: Army, 64,180; Marine Corps, 12,962; Navy, 924; Air Force, 663.

* Cadets Ronald Clough, Waukesha, Wis.; Harold Loeblein, Kimball, Minn.; and Harrison Travis, Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

himself, demanded that football at West Point be suspended. Michigan's Congressman Charles E. Potter pictured the go as "victims of athletic commercialism."¹⁶

None of this seemed to invalidate the regretful conclusions of the board. But it made it difficult not to feel that the fault rested as much with the Army as with the grey-clad youths who faced dismissal. The Army's botched handling of the dismissal itself left cadets confused about their status and their future. Technically, their dismissal was "under honorable conditions," though in fact they were branded otherwise. The cadets' case was best put by Harold Loehlein, honor cadet, captain-elect of the 1951 football team, and president of the first class. Said he:

"I would have been higher in the standings had I not helped the others. Sure, I cussed at times, but a lot of the boys thought it was justified because we gave a lot of time to the football team. In some cases, friendship comes above the honor system . . . The full attack has been directed against us and yet no one has questioned the honor system itself."

HEROES

One for the Marines

Like many another U.S. citizen, Harry Truman wondered why no marine had won the Medal of Honor in Korea. After all, the Army had awarded 28, the Navy one. A few weeks ago, he quietly passed the word along that he thought a marine should get the nation's highest award, and if the winner was still alive, he wanted to make the award personally. He had stopped presenting medals to the families of posthumous winners; he told his aides he found it hard to go through such heart-rending ceremonies.

Last week the President got his wish. After long deliberation, the Navy Board approved Medals of Honor for four marines. Three had died while winning theirs; the fourth went to 1st Lieut. Henry Alfred Commisskey of Hattiesburg, Miss. In the White House rose garden one sunny day last week, 24-year-old Lieut. Commisskey, greying veteran of more than seven years in the corps, stood at attention while the President read the citation: After the Inchon landing, armed only with a .45-cal. pistol, Marine Commisskey charged two enemy machine-gun emplacements near Seoul and killed seven North Koreans in hand-to-hand fighting. Unscathed then, he was hit a week later by shell fragments in the Seoul railway station, went back into battle after that, was wounded again in December.

While his beaming wife and two small children looked on, Lieut. Commisskey inclined his head, and the President stretched up on his toes, snapped a blue, white-starred ribbon around his neck. "Good luck to you," he said, and warmly shook the lieutenant's hand.

* Soon after the story broke, one football player said he received offers from four or five colleges to play for them.

THE PRESIDENCY

Glum Face

Harry Truman faced the cameras with the corners of his mouth turned down into his chin. Before him was the Defense Production Act handed up by Congress. There were no jolly Congressmen beaming over his shoulder waiting eagerly for a pen. As he snatched up a black and gold fountain pen, he mumbled loud enough for some reporters to hear: "The worst I ever had to sign." He scratched his signature, then briskly cut off the photographers (toward whom he usually is friendly), saying that he had two telephone calls and a party waiting for him. The party was for old friend George J. Schaefer, retiring chief of the Bureau of Internal Revenue, who is leaving just as the bureau is wading through shake-ups (in several cases with



LIEUT. COMMISSKEY
Near Seoul, seven enemy dead.

scandals attached) in St. Louis, San Francisco, Boston and New York.

"I Have Reluctantly . . ." As the President stalked away from his desk, his staff handed out a prepared statement opening with what has lately become a Truman cliché: "I have reluctantly signed . . ." The DPA would not keep prices down, it would push them up, he charged.

The bill was the work of a Southern Democrat-Republican coalition against him, so he couldn't really put the blame simply on the G.O.P. He tried to get the same effect by concentrating his fire on two Republican amendments: the Butler-Hope amendment, wiping out slaughter controls on beef, and the Capchart amendment guaranteeing business a pre-Korea profit, which the President characterized as "like a bulldozer, crashing aimlessly through existing price formulas, leaving havoc in its wake."

The President had to sign the bill, because if he didn't, the Government's emer-

gency defense powers would expire in just five hours. He promised labor some sort of formula for "reasonable adjustments in wages." It turned out, a few days later, to be a plan to allow the nation's 15 million union men to hop on the escalator system, their pay rising as the cost of living does.

Boyle Recoil. Political embarrassments trailed the President all week. He told his press conference that he was still looking into charges that Democratic National Chairman Bill Boyle took fees from a St. Louis firm just before it got a big RFC loan (TIME, Aug. 6). He had hurried to defend other cronies when someone said that they had been caught with their morals down. But he kept a glum, tight-lipped silence about Boyle.

Before a Senate Judiciary subcommittee, Illinois' Fair Dealing Paul Douglas said the magic words "personally obnoxious," which by senatorial courtesy is supposed to make all other Senators vote against the President's choices for two federal judgeships in Illinois. The President had pointedly ignored Douglas' recommendations. At week's end, before Harry Truman's nominations could be put to a vote, the Administration begged off, asked a week's delay.*

Last week the President also:
¶ Scheduled a flight to San Francisco for Sept. 4 to address the Japanese Peace Treaty conference.

¶ Got word that Princess Elizabeth of Great Britain and her husband had accepted an invitation to be the Trumans' guests in Washington, Oct. 24-26.

Red Wax, Green Light

One day last week, President Harry Truman pulled out a sheet of his pale green personal stationery and penned a personal letter. A little later, a White House functionary brought in the antiquated equipment necessary for affixing the Presidential Seal. He lit a stick of red sealing wax, allowed some to drip on the envelope and quickly pressed it with a heavy, wrenchlike instrument.

A few minutes later, the letter—addressed in longhand to General Dwight D. Eisenhower—was on its way to the Pentagon offices of the Overseas Courier service. That night, it was flown across the Atlantic, and the next day was hurried to Ike's headquarters near Rocquencourt. Nobody concerned would say what the message contained.

At his press conference, however, the President gave reporters some idea of his current thinking on the subject of Eisenhower. A reporter asked the President how

* In 1938, Franklin D. Roosevelt appointed Floyd H. Roberts a federal judge in the Virginia area after Senator Carter Glass had objected that he had not been consulted. Roosevelt said that he was happy to consult Glass, but reserved the right to consult others. Including, if he wished, "Nancy Astor, the Duchess of Windsor, the WPA, a Virginia moonshiner, Governor Price or Charlie McCarthy." Glass declared the appointment personally offensive and the Senate rejected it. Senator Truman of Missouri supported Glass.

long he thought it would be necessary for Eisenhower to remain in Europe. The President hesitated a bit before answering. He did not think that the general's duties would interfere with things that might happen in 1952, said the President, if General Eisenhower happened to be in that frame of mind. Eisenhower will be guided by his sense of duty, the President went on. He is doing a magnificent job in Europe; the President said that he both hoped and believed Eisenhower would continue to do so.

International Firecracker

Bright & early on the Fourth of July, the Madison (Wis.) *Capital Times* began a journalistic stunt calculated to prove that Red-baiting and loyalty investigations have cowed the American public. A reporter set out with a petition composed of excerpts from the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights—addressed to no one in particular—and began trying to get picnickers and strollers to sign it. By dusk, after approaching 112 people, he had only one signer.

The stunt made a fine headline in the determinedly liberal *Capital Times*. But that was not the end of it. A fortnight ago in Detroit, President Harry Truman stretched the Madison incident to make his own point: "The doubters and defeatists . . . are trying to stir up trouble and suspicion between the people and their Government," he said. "This malicious propaganda has gone so far that on the Fourth of July . . . people were afraid to say they believed in the Declaration of Independence . . ."

This was too wonderful for *Pravda* to ignore. Attracted by the propaganda value of the President's words, *Pravda* ran a Madison Fourth of July story too. With a gloomy air of Slavic triumph, it implied that the whole thing proved that the U.S.

TOP MAN OF THE NAVY

Nominated by President Truman to be U.S. Chief of Naval Operations and Navy member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff: Admiral William Morrow Fechteler (pronounced Fek'-tel-er).

Born: March 6, 1896, in San Rafael, Calif.; eldest son of the late Rear Admiral Augustus Fechteler, Annapolis '77. His German-born father captained the gunboat *Concord* at Manila, commanded the Fifth Naval District from 1918 to 1921, when he retired and died soon after. His brother Frank (Annapolis '18) was killed testing his plane for the 1922 Detroit Air Races.

Education: Public schools, Washington, D.C.; U.S. Naval Academy.

Married: May 24, 1928 to Goldye Stevens, widow of Commander Rodney H. Dobson, who went down with the submarine S-51 off the coast of Rhode Island in September 1925. Two children: a stepson, Rodney, 28 (Annapolis '43), now an engineer with Du Pont, and a daughter, Joan, 21, a Wellesley senior.

Appearance: Husky (6 ft., 200 lbs.), jaunty, bluff, with a rakish flyer's tilt to his gold-braided cap.

Early Career: Graduated from Annapolis 18th (of 176), in the same class (1916) but ahead of two leading candidates for the job of CNO, Admirals Radford and Carney. Served on battleship *Pennsylvania* in World War I. Began a routine series of tours, too heavily larded with staff assignments (said his friends) for a successful career. In 1942, became director of officer personnel in the Navy's Bureau of Personnel.

World War II: Was at Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941. Shackled to noncombat jobs until 1943, when he got a fine sea billet as captain of the new battleship *Indiana* in the Pacific. Proved himself a shrewd and relaxed combat officer. Once, when warned by the captain of the ancient *Tennessee* ("Old Blisterbutt") about making too much smoke, he coolly signaled back: "Smoke unavoidable. Forced to cut out the boilers and burn garbage to slow down to your speed." In 1944, promoted to rear admiral and assigned to MacArthur's theater; led an amphibian group safely through the Hollandia and Philippine invasions.

Postwar: Went back to a desk after the war, served as Deputy Chief of Naval Operations for Personnel, became a four-star admiral in 1950, and then commander of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet. Is recognized as a hard-driving, able, "black-shoe" (i.e., non-aviator) BuPers man. Picked as supreme commander of NATO naval forces in the Atlantic. Winston Churchill stirred such fuss against an American commander in the post that Fechteler never served.

—just as it had been predicting—is cooked. "What?" it asked, "is left of the notorious American democracy after 275 years?"

Actually, whatever else the Madison incident proved, it showed that 111 citizens had simply exercised their American right to tell unidentified petition packers and lapel grabbers in general to go jump in the lake. The Declaration of Independence, after all, had already been signed.

ARMED FORCES

And Then There Was One

Five men were on deck for Forrest Sherman's job as Chief of Naval Operations. Most conspicuous among them—and the Navy's popular choice—was Admiral Arthur W. Radford, boss of the U.S. Pacific Fleet. Brilliant, bluntly outspoken, Airman Radford was Airmen Sherman's own choice to succeed him two years hence. But popular "Raddy" Radford had led the Navy's revolt against unification in 1949, was anathema to the Air Force, whose giant B-36 bomber he scornfully labeled a "billion-dollar bumbler," and had been called a "fancy Dan" by Omar Bradley. The morning before Sherman's funeral, Radford went to Navy Secretary Dan Kimball, asked that his name be withdrawn for the good of the Navy. And then there were four.

Admiral Robert B. ("Mick") Carney, NATO Commander for Southern Europe, was considered. Vice CNO Admiral Lynde

McCormick, who had been Acting Chief since Sherman's death, lacked fleet-command experience, and then there were two. The two: Vice Admiral Richard L. ("Close-In") Conolly, World War II amphibious commander, now head of the Naval War College, and Admiral William M. Fechteler, chief of the Atlantic Fleet.

Dan Kimball broke out the two men's service records. Conolly is the Navy's most decorated admiral (D.S.M. with two gold stars, Legion of Merit with one gold star, Navy Cross), is smart and well liked, but has spent almost his entire service at sea or in overseas commands. Kimball hardly knew him. Fechteler he had come to know and admire when the admiral was Deputy Chief of Naval Operations (for personnel) after the war. In the close teamwork between CNO and Navy Secretary, old friends are best, especially if both are new at their jobs.

Secretary Kimball made his choice. Bill Fechteler, 55 (see box), got the job.

In the Red

Rotation in Korea and the release of reserves were pulling men out of the services faster than they could be replaced. Last week, to make up the deficit, the Defense Department sent out a hurry call to the draft for 41,000 men in October (double the monthly quota this summer), marked 6,000 of them for the Marine Corps, which for the first time in its history could not fill enlistment quotas.



John Zimmerman

ADMIRAL FECHTELER
Old friends are best.

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Peacemaker

(See Cover)

A tall, sunburned man in a straw hat climbed out of a small plane at the Syracuse airport last week, and with a trim, grey-haired woman hurrying along beside him, made for the airport waiting room. No one recognized Mr. & Mrs. John Foster Dulles as they crossed the crowded lobby, sat down at the lunch counter and ordered ice-cream sodas.

The Republican adviser to the State Department fixed his vanilla soda with his habitually solemn stare. A year ago, in a spell of concentrated writing, he had delivered himself of this exhortation: "It is time to think in terms of taking the offensive in the world struggle for freedom, and of rolling back the engulfing tide of des-

history of wars; no victorious nation had ever presented to a beaten enemy such magnanimous terms after so savage a fight. Instead of a lash, it poured out ointment. It forgave Pearl Harbor. The idea was as revolutionary as Christianity itself. A "particular opportunity" had been grasped and, as a result (Dulles hoped), an astute offensive had been launched in Asia.

He had brought it off almost single-handed. In the past year, he had flown more than 125,000 miles, carrying his documents and his arguments to six capitals, pleading, arguing, bargaining when it was necessary. There was not another country in the world that wanted this kind of peace. But they came along because the U.S. was in a position to write it. It was an imposed morality.

The Dulleses, fresh from a brief holiday on an island in Lake Ontario, finished

"Is Coming" as they marched back to their summer cottage. It was a Dulles custom.

John Foster Dulles, the pastor's eldest son, was born in 1888, in the Washington residence of grandfather John Watson Foster, who fought in the Civil War, served as U.S. minister to Mexico, U.S. minister to Russia, and, when John Foster was four years old, became Benjamin Harrison's Secretary of State. He was to leave a deep impression on his grandson—recounting his adventures and opening up a world of great events, as man & boy sat hour after hour fishing in Lake Ontario. In 1895, grandfather Foster helped negotiate the end of the Sino-Japanese War, with the Treaty of Shimonoseki.*

Bending Twig. John Foster grew up under the hand of old-fashioned authority. He got caned and had his earsuffed for throwing spitballs in school. Father, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Watertown, N.Y., was benevolently stern. Mother was Edith Foster, a woman of energy and propriety who once became so appalled at the bad manners of the students of Auburn (N.Y.) Theological Seminary that she wrote a manual on proper decorum, covering such subjects as How to Say Hello, How to Say Goodbye, How to Manage a Cup of Tea. Young Foster, as the family called him, read *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Paradise Lost*, became a serious stripling who could blandly paraphrase William James to a sobbing nine-year-old sister ("If you cry you will feel bad, and if you feel bad you will cry"). He could swim the 2½ miles across Henderson Bay, and when the family acquired a small sailboat, he became an expert boat handler, weather forecaster, navigator of the coves of eastern Lake Ontario.

Father & mother wanted him to go into the ministry.

But grandfather had other ideas. When John Foster graduated from high school, Diplomat Foster sent his grandson to Switzerland for six months to study French. In 1904—the year when Pastor Dulles gave up his church to take the chair of Apologetics at the Auburn Theological Seminary—John Foster began his college career in Princeton. The twig was not yet fully bent, but grandfather was bending it.

Secretary of The Hague. According to his own recollection, Dulles lived "a curious sort of life at Princeton," playing a lot of whist, poker and chess. One of his professors, anxious to know whether his course was too difficult, asked Foster how much time he had to spend studying for it. "I exaggerated a bit," Dulles recalls, "and told him one hour a week. I had a knack for exams. I could read the course book the night before and remember it well enough to pass."

The summer of his junior year he sailed off importantly with grandfather Foster to attend the Second Hague Conference.



John Zimmerman

DULLES & WIFE

After the honeymoon, 10¢ breakfasts at the Automat.

potism . . . In 1942 . . . we were not thinking about how to save our necks, but how to save freedom. We need more of that spirit today . . . In the vast areas of Asia and the Pacific, we have no adequate policy, largely because China, always until now our friendly partner, has been taken over by the allies of Soviet Communism. That calls for new thinking . . . Our particular opportunity . . . is Japan."

Ointment, Not Lash. Now, in the space of one year, he himself had translated the Dulles words into the Dulles deed: the Japanese Treaty (TIME, Jan. 22 *et seq.*). It was not yet an accomplished fact; the treaty still teetered in the balance of events. On Sept. 4, some 50 nations (he hoped) would meet in San Francisco to sign it; the U.S. Senate and the other governments would have to confirm it. "The treaty," Dulles has anxiously observed, "is in jeopardy every day of its life."

Nevertheless, as it stood, it was one of the most remarkable propositions in the

their sodas and boarded another plane. Buried in his newspaper and his preoccupations, Dulles flew on to Washington.

Once during World War II, an outraged associate of Dulles' described the behavior of the Japanese as "unforgivable." "Christ teaches us," replied Dulles, "that nothing is unforgivable." The unaffected remark laid bare one part of his character. It is a complex character behind its grey, pedagogic exterior. The exterior, like the simple housing around a complicated turbine (said an awed friend), covers "the greatest piece of mental machinery I have ever known." God and the turbine produced the Japanese Treaty. A preacher and a diplomat produced John Foster Dulles.

Pastor Dulles' Eldest. Around the turn of the century, people living along Lake Ontario's Henderson Harbor would sometimes see a stirring sight: Pastor Allen Macay Dulles, wife and five children, having been to church, justly singing such Protestant hymns as "Work, for the Night

* By which China recognized the independence of Korea, ceded Formosa, the Pescadores Islands and the Liao-tung Peninsula (in Manchuria) to Japan, and agreed to pay Japan a heavy cash indemnity.



JOHN WATSON FOSTER AT SHIMONOSEKI: 1895

His grandson forgave Pearl Harbor.

Grandfather, good friend of the Chinese, had agreed to serve for them as a plenipotentiary, and 19-year-old Foster became secretary of the Chinese delegation, wearing a cutaway and going to receptions and paying almost no attention to a hometown girl in hair ribbons whom he happened to meet on a trip to Paris.

Back in Princeton, he graduated a Phi Beta Kappa and valedictorian. Grandfather had won the argument as to how the turbine was to be used; it was to be used in the law. Foster took a year at the Sorbonne and went to Washington.

"She Keeps Me Company." It was the safe, sane & solid Republican era of William Howard Taft—made to order for a bright, retentive young man with good connections. He was a friend of the President's oldest son, Robert; he saw a good deal of a Watertown lawyer named Robert Lansing, who had married his aunt and later was to become Secretary of State under Wilson. In two years, the turbine purred through a three-year law course at George Washington University (top of the class), purred on and mastered New York State's bar exam.

With the help of a letter from grandfather, John Foster got a job with the august New York law firm of Sullivan & Cromwell. A year later, having pushed his salary up from \$50 to \$100 a month, he married Janet Pomeroy Avery, the girl he had met in Paris.

The bridegroom had contracted malaria on a business trip to British Guiana, but no man to be deterred, he dosed himself with quinine (which was permanently to affect his optic nerves), took along a trained nurse and went on his honeymoon anyhow. He has since commented on what has turned out to be a devoted partnership. "My wife has been with me in everything I have done. I'd be very unhappy without her. She keeps me company."

Right from the beginning, Lawyer Dul-

les, who still remembers his early days of top breakfasts at the Automat, was a busy man.

His three children—John, Lillias and Avery—saw comparatively little of him; he left early in the morning for the Wall Street offices of Sullivan & Cromwell and got home late. He did devote Sundays to his family. Then, dressed in a top hat—poverty was not long with them—he paraded them to the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church near their four-story brownstone house on 91st Street. Lillias remembers one Sunday when Lawyer Dulles debilitated his brood and shocked his wife by



WOODROW WILSON
His great ideals evaporated.

putting on an act on the street balancing his top hat on his cane.

Dulles' children have grown up and gone their independent ways—John is a mining engineer, Lillias is married, Avery abandoned Presbyterianism to enter the Roman Catholic Church and the Jesuit order, which upset Dulles deeply, but has raised no hostility between father & son.

Man on Top of the World. John Foster Dulles' career went steadily upwards. In World War I, the injury to his eyes kept him out of combat service with the Army. But Robert Lansing got him a captaincy in Intelligence; his job was liaison officer between the Army and the War Trade Board, handling the legal details of such matters as the seizure of neutral ships. In 1919, he was sent to the Versailles Conference as a member of the Interim Reparations Commission.

He came away with an impression which was to affect his thinking the rest of his life. A Republican, he was nevertheless a great believer in his old college president, Woodrow Wilson, and Wilson's Fourteen Points. "I saw him go to the conference with great ideals, and I saw them gradually evaporate under the pressure of people who wanted to be vindictive." In Clemenceau's and Lloyd George's demands for reparations and vengeance, Dulles thought that he saw the seeds of another war.

He returned to Sullivan & Cromwell—to handle the legal work of vast postwar U.S. investments abroad, to help disentangle the enormous aftermath of Ivar Kreuger's suicide and the crash of Kreuger & Toll (from which he managed to extricate 70¢ on the dollar for American bondholders). He was in a position to offer a rising young lawyer, Thomas Dewey, a highly desirable job, which Dewey turned down to run for district attorney.

As World War II began to grow out of the debacle of peacemaking after World War I, John Foster Dulles stood material-

ly entrenched as one of the highest-paid lawyers in the country, senior partner and head of one of the world's biggest international law firms (in which his brother Allen is one of 21 partners), and a director in 15 corporations. Still in his 50s, he had everything he wanted for his pleasure: a 40-ft. yawl to indulge his old yen for sailing; a large, unpretentious summer house at Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.; his own private island in Lake Ontario, where he and Mrs. Dulles could flee for seclusion and live in a log cabin while Dulles fished, swam, watched and listed birds. He lived well, expensively but not ostentatiously, with a well-stocked cellar of his favorite Montrachet wine, enjoying large, cheerful family dinners. He wore single-breasted, custom-made Brooks Brothers suits. He had servants to minister to him and cars to pick him up, and an elevator and six telephones in his quietly appointed 51st Street house. Another man might have settled for all that. But grandfather Foster's turbine needed something more. Dulles had found it in a mission.

Diplomacy with Morality. In 1937, Dulles went to Paris to act as chairman of a League of Nations group which was discussing the topic, "Peaceful Change." He left the conference with a feeling of "thorough disgust" at its arid, negative and nationalistic tone. Then he went to a church meeting in England, the Oxford Conference on Church and State. The contrast was sharp: the diplomats were defeatists; the churchmen, thanks to their religious belief, were hopeful and positive. He came away with a resurgence of faith in the lessons taught him years before by that devout Presbyterian, Pastor Dulles.

Three years later, with war thundering across the world once again, Lawyer Dulles carried his convictions to the Federal Council of Churches. He had the council appoint a Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace and, as its head, launched his crusade. It was a time when Franklin Roosevelt, thinking of an ultimate peace but remembering Wilson and scenting the political risks, shied away from talking about any international organization for peace. Roosevelt expressed the prevailing sentiment when he demanded "unconditional surrender." German militarism had risen from the ashes of World War I; it must not rise again. Japan had struck without warning; Pearl Harbor must be avenged.

But Dulles remembered the frustrated Wilson and the vindictiveness that followed World War I. Later, at a time when statesmen were beginning to discuss a world organization in worldly terms, Dulles' committee proclaimed: there is a moral order which is revealed in Jesus Christ; the U.S. must lead the other nations into a political mechanism which will uphold that morality. Vengeance must be laid aside. The committee produced a program ("The Six Pillars of Peace") which not only put the Federal Council of Churches squarely back of a United Nations, but laid down broad principles for a new order of things—the need for laws to end eco-

nomic anarchy, for a way to bring about change by peaceful means instead of by guns, for an end to exploitation of colonials, for a limit to arms, for religious and intellectual liberties.

Dulles carried his crusade to political back rooms. He preached his philosophy to Arthur Vandenberg, whom he had first met in 1943 at the Mackinac Conference, where Republicans as a group first turned away from isolationism. In 1945, Vandenberg persuaded Roosevelt to send the Protestant Church's most articulate foreign-policy spokesman to San Francisco as a delegate to the founding session of United Nations. There Dulles preached not only a lawyer's pragmatic diplomacy (he devised the formula for safeguarding Latin

In 1949, Governor Tom Dewey appointed him as Senator from New York to take the ailing Robert Wagner's seat until a special election in the fall. Dulles resigned from Sullivan & Cromwell, campaigned for the unexpired term.

Setback. Politicians who got close to him during that spell were somewhat astonished at what they saw. Dulles turned out to be a man who preferred bourbon, who had an unexpected, thunderous guffaw, and who relished campaigning. His easy manner belied the crack inevitably attached to his name: "dull, duller, Dulles." He refused to talk down. He went from town to town, a slouched figure in an upturned soft hat, looking more like a threadbare professor than a Wall Street lawyer. But he lost to one of New York's great vote-getters, four-term Governor Herbert Lehman. Not only was he beaten, he was put in the Administration's doghouse, and faded back into private life.

Temporarily out of things, grandfather Foster's turbine was just at the beginning of something new. In March 1950, at the insistence of Arthur Vandenberg, Dulles was restored to a position in the State Department. Dean Acheson assigned him to the job of formulating the treaty for Japan, a chore which had been on the back burner for almost three years. The Pentagon was not sure that it ever wanted to see Japan turned loose—at least not yet.

The man with a mission went to work. To his conviction that a peace should be signed, and that it should be a Christian peace, he added a number of fortifying practical factors: a Carthaginian peace would breed misery and poverty, which in turn would breed Communism. If Japan should fall that way, the result would be disastrous for the West. Japan's industrial potential, integrated with the resources of Manchuria, might be enough to enable the Communists to sustain a long world war, even win one.

The Liberator. Dulles ground out his points and began his negotiations. He conferred with the British and Chinese ambassadors in Washington, even talked, fruitlessly, with Russia's Malik in New York. Russia sharply protested when in October he sent out a seven-point memorandum to the twelve member nations of the Far Eastern Council. But Dulles had seized the initiative; the U.S. was suddenly taking the offensive for peace, not merely trotting around putting out brush fires which Russia had lit.

He got a first-draft treaty down to eight pages. This was the general proposition he laid out: Japan was to renounce all claims to her old island empire, but Japan was to be eligible for the U.N., was to be let out of paying reparations, was to be allowed to work and recover her strength. Japan was to be allowed a limited sunrise.

Instead of calling the neighbors into another conference, which almost certainly would have been blank and endless with Russia sitting in, Dulles took his proposition to the neighbors' front doors. He had already made one flying trip to



DULLES: 1923
"It is wise to take a 50% chance."

America's regional interests) but diplomacy with morality.

No. 1 Target. Dulles was a shrewd observer of events. In 1946, in his choppy, graceless style, he wrote one of the first analyses of the true motives of atheistic Russian Communism. It made him a top priority target of Russia's propaganda guns. Over & over again, he was attacked by Vishinsky as a "falsifier of facts . . . a warmonger." He became a full-time member of the Democratic Administration's diplomatic team. As adviser to Byrnes, Marshall, Acheson, he trotted doggedly from one interminable Foreign Ministers' meeting to another; as delegate to the General Assembly, he sat through endless conferences. Everywhere he saw the same intransigent countenance of the enemy, the men who despised moral law—the enemy who all too often had seized and held the initiative.

Tokyo to confer with MacArthur, who had long urged a generous peace for Japan. With a handful of advisers and the energetic Mrs. Dulles, he flew back to Tokyo.

As he had never stirred Americans, he stirred Asians. At Haneda Airport, he was mobbed by Japanese photographers; shoving in his bathroom at the Fujiya Hotel, he glanced out to see a photographer training a long-distance lens on him. He was the man who had come to liberate Japan. But bitterness also followed him. In the Philippines, he was lampooned on the radio and burned in effigy. He flew to Australia, New Zealand, Paris and London.

At one point, he turned around to rush back to Tokyo. MacArthur had been fired; the Japanese were dismayed. He stayed long enough to reassure them that so far as the treaty was concerned, Ridgway would follow the MacArthur line.

The Six-Day Russians. He argued his case with a lawyer's competence. For every objection he had an answer. To quiet Pentagon fears, the Japanese would agree in advance (but not in the treaty) to invite the U.S. to station troops on her territory. To Russia's charge that Japanese militarism was being restored, he answered curtly that that was a matter of concern to no one more than the U.S., "which bore the burden of Japan's war of aggression for nearly four years, as against six days of Soviet Union belligerency." The right of the U.S. to call the tune was a point recognized in other capitals. It was a peace of magnanimity based on power.

He answered the Philippines' demand for \$8 billion in reparations by pointing out that such reparations in the end would have to come from the U.S., which has already given the Philippines \$530 million for war recovery. He quieted Australian and New Zealand fears of Japan by presenting them with a tripartite pact in

which the U.S. guaranteed to come to their aid against any future aggression. He listened to British arguments that Japan's recovery would injure Britain's textile trade, shipbuilding business. His answer in effect was that the nations have no right to legislate against a neighbor's industriousness. The British stubbornly objected to letting the Nationalist government in Formosa sign the treaty for China. Dulles contrived a lawyer's compromise: Japan should herself decide whether she would sign the treaty with Chiang or Mao.

Protestations still rumbled around the world. India objected. She was not sure yet whether she would send delegates to the signing. Those were the indecisions on which the success of his treaty teetered. It was Asia, more than any other part of the globe, which had to be convinced of the sincerity of the U.S. proposition.

Last week, back in his State Department office, Dulles carried on his crusade. He fixed an interviewer with his solemn stare. "Some days," he said, "it looks as though I'm just living over again the spring of 1919. The same hatreds and jealousies are all operating. I don't know whether this peace will work or not. I do know the other type is certain to fail. If you have a 100% chance of failure, I think it is wise to take a 50% chance of success." Against the 50% chance of failure, Lawyer Dulles stacked the lessons taught by history and the lessons he had learned in church.

Acheson Going?

The Washington rumor that will not down bobbed up again last week, with a new twist and from a new source. Secretary of State Acheson will quit before Oct. 1 on the wave of acclaim that is expected to roll out of the Korean truce and the signing of the Japanese peace treaty, reported the pro-Acheson *New York Post*. Reported successor: W. Averell Harriman, who is getting his buildup for the job in Iran. The White House put out its usual comment: "Nothing to it." But on Capitol Hill many top Democrats continue to think that Dean Acheson will not be around much longer.

Without Prejudice

Back to his desk in the State Department's Policy Planning section went Old China Hand John Paton Davies Jr. After a month's suspension while State's Loyalty Security Board sifted old charges that he might be a security risk, Davies was "reinstated without prejudice and with the full confidence of the department."

POLITICAL NOTES

The Dipsy-Doodle Ball

Wisconsin's Senator Joe McCarthy gets headlines by what might be termed the dipsy-doodle or slider type of accusation—charges which are so horrible, fascinating or so slick with the tobacco juice of half-truth that the victim often strikes out helplessly while trying to get a clean swing



John Zimmerman

TEXAS' RAYBURN & FRIEND

Bonus or veto?

at them. But last week the Senator made headlines because a Columbus, Ohio real-estate man named Bob Byers threw the same kind of verbal trick-ball at him.

Byers told a bankruptcy court that the Senator had lost \$5,500 shooting craps with the witness' son, Bob Jr., but had brazenly wrangled on the debt. He also said that he helped McCarthy write the famed pamphlet on housing regulations for which Lustron Corp., a now defunct outfit which set RFC back \$37.5 million, paid the Senator \$10,000. McCarthy never coughed up a cent of that, either, said Byers.

McCarthy reacted just like his own victims and immediately denied all—in one burst of inspired naïveté, he said he didn't even "play craps." Next day, Byers corrected his story a little: McCarthy, after being behind \$5,500, had made the last throw "double or nothing" and won. This seemed to clear Joe of wrangling, except that Joe was still sticking to his story that he hadn't shot craps at all.

THE CONGRESS

Oil & Water

From the beginning, the 23 states along the U.S. seaboard took it for granted that they owned the sea bottom that runs out from their shores to the three-mile limit of U.S. coastal waters. Nobody seriously challenged that view until California, Texas and Louisiana began to get fat incomes from lucrative offshore oil leases. Then, belatedly in 1937, the Federal Government staked out its claim to the marginal lands* around the U.S. on the grounds of national interest. When in 1946 Congress passed a bill giving clear title to the states, Harry Truman vetoed it: That is a job for the

* Measured seaward three miles from the low tide line, and commonly called tidelands, although tidelands technically lie between low and high tide marks.



Michael Rougier—Life

JOE McCARTHY
Double or nothing?

Supreme Court, he said. The court soon handed down its decision: the Federal Government has "full dominion" over offshore oil lands.

The oil & water states kept up their fight, and understandably: Texas in one year got \$14 million for school money from tideland royalties. Oil interests sided with the states: they liked the leases they already had, found state legislatures easier to deal with than the Federal Government, and had a well-grounded dislike of federal regulation. Last week, by a vote of 265 to 109, the House whooped through the Walters bill, so neatly contrived and so solidly directed against the tendency of the Federal Government to grab everything in sight that many a land-locked Congressman found it hard to resist. The man behind it was Speaker Sam Rayburn of Texas, and he was openly defying his great and good friend in the White House.

The Walters bill not only hands back the marginal lands to the seaboard states; it guarantees that any state will have exclusive rights to anything that may be discovered under its navigable lakes and rivers. For Texas, there is a special bonus: Texas will get control of the sea for three leagues (10½ miles) from shore (because the Texas frontier was thus defined when she joined the union in 1845). And another provision grants all seaboard states 57½% of anything the Federal Government manages to dig up beyond the marginal seas—clear to the edge of the broad continental shelf (which stretches out about 100 miles along the Gulf of Mexico).

It was a long, long reach—which—if it should get past the Senate—will probably run into a presidential veto.

Last week the House also:

¶ Passed, by voice vote, the Battle bill empowering the President to halt military and economic aid to any nation selling "arms, ammunition, implements of war and atomic energy materials" to Communist countries (a more workable version of the Kefauver amendment, which the Administration has pigeonholed).

The Senate:

¶ Heard a subcommittee on elections excoriate the "despicable 'back street' type of campaign" which helped elect Baltimore Republican John Marshall Butler, unheralded Maryland's Democratic Senator Millard Tydings. There wasn't enough legal evidence to warrant kicking Butler out of the Senate, said the committee, but in the future such "defamation, slander and libel" by a candidate's agents should be made reason enough. Joe McCarthy had been "actively interested" in the Butler campaign and the subcommittee thought a "sitting Senator" involved in another's campaign shenanigans should be made just as liable. The subcommittee's report was unanimous, signed not only by three Democrats, but by two Republicans, Maine's doughty Margaret Chase Smith and New Jersey's Robert Hendrickson. This week, Connecticut Democrat Bill Benton, taking his cue from the report, formally demanded McCarthy's resignation or expulsion from the U.S. Senate.

Explanation: Better Pay

Ed Gosssett, 49, seventh-term Congressman and a member of Speaker Sam Rayburn's loyal band of Texans, got up to make a speech about the underprivileged Congressman. Inflation had made it impossible, he explained sadly, for him to support his wife and five children on his \$12,500 salary and \$2,500 untaxed expense account. "If we would preserve America," he said, "our demands upon our elected representatives must be based upon the general welfare and not upon shortsighted selfishness." With that and his resignation on file, he said goodbye to the House and left for Texas, there to become counsel for the Southwestern Bell Telephone Co. at \$25,000 a year.



Associated Press

"Kill me! Let me run and then shoot me!"

CRIME

End of the Line

Irving Wexler had only his own two hands to work with when he started his career in Manhattan's lower East Side. He used them to such smooth advantage in picking pockets that he became known as "Waxey" to his friends and the cops, took on the name of "Waxey Gordon" as he advanced through stickups, slugging, dope and murder charges into the big time. With Prohibition, Waxey muscled into a string of big New Jersey breweries, made his adopted name a byword in the world of Al Capone, "Legs" Diamond and Dutch Schultz, and wallowed in a life of \$10 silk underwear and Pierce-Arrows.

Then, after U.S. District Attorney Tom Dewey put him away for seven years for income-tax evasion, Waxey had to start all over again in 1940. He dabbled in black-market sugar and was settled for a year in Atlanta. He got out, was caught in an office with \$40,000 worth of "hot" watches, but released. Waxey dropped out of sight. Last

November a New York detective got a mysterious telephone call: "If you want one of the biggest gangsters in the country, who is now in dope, look for your old friend W." The cops looked, found 63-year-old Waxey ostensibly a legitimate warehouse manager, actually a big-time heroin wholesaler.

For eight months, they tailed him across the country as he made his contacts, waiting patiently for him to carry some of the junk himself. One night last week, Waxey took a cab to a dark corner of Manhattan, furiously grabbed a newspaper-wrapped bundle from a man in another car. The cops and the feds swooped down, caught the terrified Waxey with a pound of heroin (worth \$200,000). Waxey's accomplice pleaded: "Please, if you've got a heart don't lock Waxey up. I'll pay you anything. This'll kill him." Waxey himself slid to his knees. "Kill me! Let me run and then shoot me!" he sobbed. "I'm an old man and I'm through. Don't take me in for junk. I'm finished. This is the end of the line."

THE ADMINISTRATION Out-Patient Department

Surveying its Marshall Plan patients last week, the U.S. announced that both Sweden and Portugal had recovered enough to get along by themselves, and that there would be no more dollar transfusions for either country.

BUREAUCRACY

Slippery Situation

There were too many pratfalls in the Pentagon's terrazzo and waxed corridors. The complaints were duly referred through channels to the General Services Administration, Department of Buildings Management. Naturally, the situation called for a survey. That called for special equipment. So the matter was referred to the National Bureau of Standards, Division of Research and Development. There a machine was built, and labeled "Sigler Pendulum Impact Type Slipperiness Tester."

This device, designed to "determine the coefficient of friction which is an index of relative slipperiness," was delivered to the General Services Administration, Department of Buildings Management survey team. The team surveyed. After weeks came a report. Freely translated from the Pentagorean, it said: the floors aren't too slippery at all; people around here are just too careless.

Bureaucracy knew what to do next: the situation obviously called for orientation. So the Safety, Fire Prevention and Protection branch of the Public Buildings Service was called in. After study, it suggested that all chief clerks and administrative officers issue memorandums to employees warning them against unsafe acts. Last week ten-point program was duly outlined, full of useful advice. Sample (Point Two): "Face in the direction you are walking."

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Interest—and Caution

The Russians last week fired their biggest gun yet in their new peace offensive. In a letter to President Truman, Russia's President Nikolai Shvernik proposed a five-power pact for disarmament and "for the strengthening of peace." Wrote Shvernik (a figurehead who rarely makes the front pages): "I take this occasion to request you to transmit to the American people my greetings and good wishes from the people of the Soviet Union . . ." He added pointedly: "A most important step must be the elimination of discrimination with regard to the Soviet Union on the part of the American authorities."

Along with the letter, Shvernik sent a resolution passed by the Supreme Soviet, in response to last month's resolution by the U.S. Congress which called on Russia to permit free exchange of opinion and assured the Russian people that the U.S. wants peace. The Supreme Soviet's answer, free of the usual anti-U.S. invective, somewhat plaintively listed alleged Russian grievances against the U.S., including Washington's moves to keep "agents of Soviet culture" out of the U.S. Said the documents: "The Soviet Union has no aggressive plans and does not threaten any country . . . The peoples of the Soviet Union are completely absorbed in executing the tasks of peaceful construction."

First noticeable fly in the peace ointment: the proposal does not specify which "five powers" are supposed to sign the peace pact, but probably intends Red China to be one of the five. Much of the message reads like all other Soviet "peace" proposals, but it also includes a muddily worded suggestion for prohibition of atomic weapons and "establishment of inspection over the implementation of such prohibition." In the past, the Russians have fought any proposal for inspection tooth & nail. There was enough bait in the proposal to make the West look up with interest—and caution.

The Milkman v. the MVD

Listeners who tuned in late on the midnight Moscow radio news got a shock—the Russian broadcaster was saying: "... Truth can only be arrived at if there is freedom to hear different points of view . . . Many facts and views are withheld from you, and there is no freedom of speech and free access to knowledge of how the rest of the world lives and thinks . . . [Foreign] broadcasts to the Soviet Union [are] jammed by your government. I wonder why. What has your government to fear?"

Off the Spike. The radio announcer was reading from next day's issue of *Pravda*. In June, Britain's Foreign Secretary Herbert Morrison had challenged *Pravda* to print, in full, an appeal from him to the Russian people (TRAC, July 9). After keeping the Morrison statement on the spike

for a while, *Pravda* last week printed it. The statement was also printed in other Russian papers, giving it a circulation well up in the millions.

The Morrison statement continued: "In Britain we set great store by . . . freedom from arbitrary arrest . . . British citizens are not removed from their homes, they are not deported, they are not sent to labor camps. If there is a knock at the door in the early morning, it will probably be only the milkman . . .

"You are told we are warmongers; that, in alliance with . . . the U.S., we are arming to the teeth to attack the Soviet Union. That is not true . . . While we had



Sovfoto

RUSSIA'S PRESIDENT SHVERNIK
There was bait in his proposal.

demobilized and disarmed [after World War II], your government had retained vast armed forces . . . We concluded that we must be strong enough to make clear that aggression, from whatever quarter it might come, could not succeed."

Back to the Czar. *Pravda's* reply, twice as long as the Morrison statement and printed right alongside, is in its way as remarkable as the unprecedented gesture of publishing the Morrison text. By Soviet standards of invective, it is mild; in spots, it sounds strangely apologetic and naive.

Pravda describes Russia's huge armed forces as "a certain minimum regular army necessary to defend [Russia] independence," and goes all the way back to 1920 (when Britain, the U.S. and France made a halfhearted attempt to erase the Bolshevik Revolution) for an instance of "imperialist aggression" against Russia. To justify the Communist regime, *Pravda* also reaches back, almost sentimentally, to "Czarist exploiters and landowners" (all of whom are long dead or out of Russia). *Pravda* repeats the old line that: 1) MVD

labor camps and censorships exist only for "enemies of the people . . . terrorists and assassins"; 2) Russians have freely chosen the Communist party to rule their land, etc. Concludes *Pravda*, in an odd brand of non-Marxist piety: "Such has been the will of the people—and the voice of the people is the voice of God!"

What are the Russians up to? The inevitable conclusion: Moscow is again trying to sell the notion, long held by dupes & dopes in the West, that the non-Communist world has nothing to fear from Soviet Russia.

STRATEGY

Sharks Sighted

The Soviet navy's six newest cruisers of the "improved Kirov class" (9,500 tons, twelve 7.1-in. rifles in triple-turret batteries) are fast, heavy ships, not as powerful as their U.S. opposites (cruisers of the *Brooklyn* class) but not taken lightly by U.S. Navy men. Swedish naval intelligence revealed that last month, two of these sleek new Soviet sharks (probably the *Chapayev* and the *Chkalov*) slipped out of the Baltic through the Oresund strait between Denmark and Sweden. It was the first time since the late 1930s that heavy Soviet naval vessels had been out in the Atlantic.

Speculation: 1) the cruisers were going to the Korean war; 2) they were being transferred to the Black Sea; 3) they were going to Abadan, Iran, to outrace the British cruiser there. Good guess: they were on a shakedown cruise to Murmansk.

ARMAMENTS

John Bull's Bomb

The British, who are making their own atomic bombs, let it be known last week that they will set off a test bomb "soon." Where? According to one report, in the Atlantic, according to another, in Australia, at the Woomera rocket range in the desert about 350 miles north of Adelaide.

COMMUNISTS

Just Like Anybody

Bulletin on Joseph Stalin's health (issued by Dr. Stalin in person): "Brilliant Soviet scientists" have taken him in hand "in an almost dismayingly manner" and made him feel a good ten years younger than his 71. That is what he recently told a visiting party of Baltic physicians, as reported last week in an Estonian newspaper. "As you gentlemen can see," Stalin continued, puffing clouds of smoke, "I get older just like other people, but since I changed my diet* two years ago, I feel remarkably well, and I still smoke much, even though the tobacco in my pipe contains hardly any nicotine at all."

* Sample dinner menu two years ago: hors d'oeuvres with vodka, soup, shashlik, vegetable, fruit tart, tea, or coffee and chicory.

NEWS IN PICTURES



Wide World
ITALIAN FASHIONS, striving for world markets, make sleek bid with harem look.



Associated Press
RECORD \$60,000 FILLY, bought by Californian, C. S. Jones, topped Kentucky yearling sale. Hollywood's Louis B. Mayer, back in racing, paid a fat \$265,800 for eight colts and five fillies.



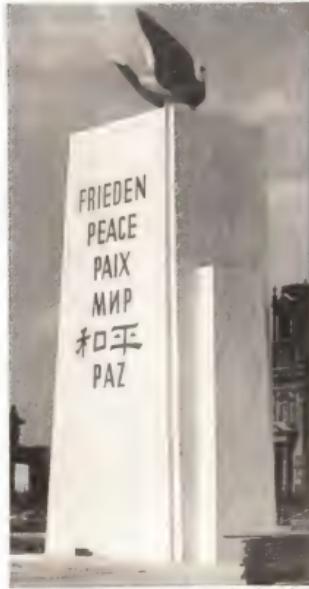
Bureau of Reclamation
GRAND COULEE DAM, which eventually will turn a million northwest desert acres into farmland, glows with new lighted railing along top.



WHALE CARCASS, dwarfing men at left, is readied for carving, in booming Chilean trade stimulated by increased world demand for oil.



U.S. ARMY Associated Press
UN SOLDIER'S AFFECTION for General Ridgway was shown during visit to wounded.



Associated Press
PEACE DOVE, reared for Berlin Red Youth rally, drew Moscow artists' scorn: too plump.



Associated Press
HERO'S WELCOME, Seattle style, amazed returning G.I. Welcomer: Miss America 1950.

WAR IN ASIA

CEASE-FIRE

Message from Ridgway

After a hearty lunch of hot dogs with chili, Admiral Joy climbed into his freshly painted jeep one day last week and started out from Kaesong's U.N. headquarters ("Everlasting Stability Terrace") to the conference building two blocks down the road. On the way, the admiral's jeep passed within a few feet of a column of 83 Chinese soldiers, heavily armed with mortars, machine guns, rifles, pistols, grenades. It

troops had carried "illegal arms in violation of our agreement . . ." and promised that there would "be no recurrence of such incidents . . ." Concluded the Red reply: "In order that the cease-fire negotiations will not be affected by such minor matters, we have ordered our garrison troops in the Kaesong neutral zone to adhere strictly to the agreement."

The "minor matter," the Reds' third setback at Kaesong (TIME, Aug. 6), was significant because it showed 1) the West that the Communists still want to

North Korea up to the Yalu. In view of this, the U.N. would actually be justified in demanding a cease-fire line considerably to the north of its forward positions on the ground. The Red radio exaggerated Joy's talking point, made it sound as if the U.N. formally demanded a true line far north of the front-line positions (which it does not). According to the Peking radio, Nam rejected "any argument which boasts of . . . frenzied bombardment by naval and air forces."

Actually, the exaggeration of the U.N. claim might prove a face-saving gimmick for the Reds. They could knock down the straw man of the "new demand," settle for a truce at the battle line and still make a claim of sorts that it was the U.N. which backed down.

BATTLE OF KOREA

Offstage Noises

Along the front line, it was a week of patrol actions, probing attacks and heavy U.N. air strikes against the Reds' buildup areas and communications. In the wild mountains of Korea's east coast, 60 miles south of Wonsan, U.N. patrols moved in on Kosong (reportedly the eastern anchor of the U.N.'s proposed cease-fire buffer zone), while a destroyer-escort pounded the town from offshore. Further south and west, near Yanggu, U.N. infantrymen rested briefly after a savage, five-day fight for a 1,500-foot Red stronghold which Americans nicknamed "Fool Mountain."

Before daybreak one morning last week, U.N. troops began a "limited" attack northward toward the rail, road and supply center of Kumsong, 30 miles above the parallel. First the Reds fell back under U.N. napalm and artillery, then they turned, loosed a fierce artillery barrage, the heaviest since April. Some 300 shells dropped on U.N. positions at the rate of two a minute. But the U.N. troops held. Next night there was artillery again and 200 rounds of heavy mortar fire. Under cover of the artillery, the Reds sent small infantry forces forward. It looked as if the Reds were trying to soup up their act at the truce table with menacing offstage noises.

BATTLE OF INDO-CHINA

Marked Men

A Frenchman named Charles Chanson and a Vietnamese named Thai Lap Thanh were among the men most hated by Indo-China's Communists. General Chanson, 49, Commander of the French-Indo-Chinese forces in South Viet Nam, was an able career officer who liked to plan his own operations and go up to the front to see them carried out. Working closely with Thai Lap Thanh, 54, Governor of South Viet Nam, General Chanson scored decisive victories last May and June against the Communist Viet Minh guerrillas. Last



was a flagrant violation of assurances given by the Reds to General Matthew Ridgway last month that they would respect a neutral zone around Kaesong, would keep armed soldiers out of the conference area.

Joy took in the scene, wide-eyed but cool, then sent allied correspondents and photographers to get evidence of the Red violation, photograph the enemy soldiers. At the council table Joy noted the affair formally "for the record." That afternoon's session lasted only seven minutes.

Admiral Joy promptly reported the violation to General Ridgway in Tokyo. If the Reds had any doubts left about U.S. firmness at Kaesong, Ridgway cleared them up fast. He called off next day's conference, sent a coldly stern message to the Red commanders, North Korea's Kim Il Sung and Red China's Peng Teh-huai: "... I now invite your attention to this flagrant violation of the assurances which I required and which you promised. [Until] a satisfactory explanation of this violation and assurance of a nonrecurrence are received ... the United Nations Command delegation will remain within the United Nations line. I await your reply."

The next day the Reds replied in humble tones. The whole thing, they said, was an accident; they admitted that their

discuss a cease-fire; 2) the Communists that the U.N. does not want an armistice badly enough to stand for any pushing around. This week, instead of ordering resumption of the Kaesong talks, Ridgway summoned his negotiators to Tokyo. Possible reason: to discuss a change of site for the truce conference.

Deadlock

The week at the Kaesong conference table ended as it began, in deadlock over the problem of where to draw the cease-fire line. The U.N. stood fast for a buffer along the actual front-line positions; the Reds stuck to their demand for a buffer zone straddling the 38th parallel. Day after day, both sides presented "clarifications" of their aims. Repeating the U.N.'s view that the parallel is an insecure defense line, Admiral Joy three times asked North Korean General Nam Il, chief Communist delegate: "Do you or do you not agree that the security of his forces is the responsibility of each commander during a military armistice?" Three times, Nam Il dodged the question.

Then Joy advanced a new argument. It is not only the ground positions that should be considered, he said; allied air and naval strength now blanket all of

month, meeting somewhere in the broad green swamps of the Plaine des Joncs (Plain of the Rushes), Viet Minh leaders, hard pressed by French offensives, decided to get Chanson and Thanh.

The Communists looked for a reliable assassin, picked one Trinh Van Minh, 25, a fanatic member of Indo-China's noisy, party-lining Patriotic Youth Society. Trinh Van Minh was in jail on charges of being a Viet Minh terrorist, but the Patriotic Youth Society put pressure on the Viet Nam government to set him free. French police warned that the Patriotic Youth Society was infiltrated by Communists, and dangerous. But the Viet Nam govern-

ment, anxious to win the support of the Youth Society, released Trinh Van Minh.

Last week in the little town of Sadec, 60 miles southwest of Saigon, French and Vietnamese soldiers were drawn up for an official inspection by General Chanson and Governor Thai Lap Thanh. In the crowded town square, white-keped Foreign Legionnaires and red-capped Spahis paraded to military music, while peasants, townsfolk and children waved Vietnamese paper flags. As Chanson and Thanh got out of their Nash in front of the governor's residence, the soldiers presented arms, trumpeters sounded the general's call. General Chanson stood at attention and saluted.

Four Seconds. At that moment a man in uniform broke from the crowd. Before anyone had time to stop him, the man ran to within a few feet of the official group. He stumbled wildly in his pockets; no one guessed that he was pulling the pin of a hand grenade. Exactly four seconds later, above the sound of the bugles, there was an explosion. Five men fell to the ground: General Chanson and Governor Thanh, mortally wounded, died within the hour. Two other French officers were seriously hurt. The fifth man, his abdomen ripped open, one hand and one leg completely torn away, was Trinh Van Minh, the assassin; he died within minutes.

STALIN & CHAIRMAN MAO

When generals (or politicians) run out of ideas on how to win a fight, they are apt to lean heavily on the hope that the enemy will collapse from some weakness in his own ranks. U.S. foreign policy strategists comfort themselves with just such a hope. Secretary of State Dean Acheson has called Tito's defection from Moscow the most hopeful development in the battle between Russia and the West; what is implied is that Yugoslavia's Tito—and future Titos elsewhere—may do the U.S.'s job of defeating Communism. U.S. policymakers particularly cherish the notion that Mao Tse-tung will pull a Tito, and at least partly undo the greatest political disaster which the West (largely because of the blindness and timidity of U.S. policy) has suffered in the 20th Century, i.e., the passing of 450 million Chinese under the sway of Moscow.

Last week the Mao-is-a-Tito theory was strongly back in the news, and calling for serious attention. If Red China and Red Russia are indeed having a falling out—or even if there is a serious probability that they will have one—U.S. policy should in that case do everything to widen the breach. The danger: the U.S. may let itself be talked into softening its stand against Mao without solid evidence that Mao is breaking away. If that happens, all Asia might go the way of China. Is there any solid evidence of trouble between Mao and Stalin?

Tokyo's Hope. Two influential sources last week said yes. General Ridgway's headquarters in Tokyo put out a statement designed to show a cleavage between Moscow and Peking. Russia, said the statement, had inveigled the Chinese into the Korean war in order "to slash the strength of China . . . because a strong China on Russia's southern frontier is the Kremlin's nightmare . . . China fought and bled while Russia looked on. To Mao Tse-tung this could hardly look like bosom comrade . . . It may mean China eventually goes the way of Yugoslavia . . . The Reds have been so busy looking for cracks in the structure of the democracies they have not noticed the perch they are sitting on is swaying and slowly crumbling . . . They cannot survive."

The Ridgway statement did not report a situation; it expressed a hope, and its tone and content strongly suggested that it is an effort by some psychological warfare strategists to make a split where there is none.

China & Czechoslovakia. Last week's second report of an impending Mao-Stalin divorce was more thorough, and was certainly no move in psychological warfare. It came from Columnists Joseph and Stewart Alsop, close followers of the State Department's foreign policy line, whose influential column runs in the New York *Herald Tribune* and nearly 200 other U.S. papers. The Alsops' evidence of what they called "serious trouble" between Moscow and Peking:

¶ Communist Chinese speeches, articles and slogans mention Comrade Stalin much less frequently than Chairman Mao.

¶ Recent articles by Chinese Communist bigwigs say, among other things, that Chairman Mao has started a new kind of Communist revolution in China which is "a new contribution

to the treasury of Marxism-Leninism . . . The classic type of revolution in imperialist countries was the October Revolution [in Russia]. The classic type of revolution in colonial and semi-colonial countries is the Chinese revolution."

From this, the Alsops conclude that Chairman Mao considers himself "the equal, and in an ideological sense the superior of Joseph Stalin," that China will not suffer herself to be treated as a satellite, and that "Mao is in effect saying to Stalin: 'Europe is yours. But Asia is mine. Keep out!'"

The Alsops' clincher: "Imagine, then, that Klement Gottwald, Communist President of satellite Czechoslovakia, suddenly announces 'the Gottwald theory of revolution,' hailing his 'theory' as the greatest contribution to Marxist doctrine since Lenin's death" (which Mao does not say even in the Alsops' column).

Vice President for Asia? No one outside the Communist world can ever be certain how its devious balances of power stand. But such facts, signs & portents as are available on China flatly contradict the Alsop thesis.

¶ From all the evidence, Stalin has no intention of treating Mao Tse-tung as a Gottwald or of mistaking China for Czechoslovakia. China is different not only because of her size, but because she has her own army and police. This fact, as Tito's Yugoslavia showed, may indeed encourage defection from Moscow. But the same fact also works to make Stalin particularly careful to prevent another Titoist split, which would be a major calamity for World Communism. By all appearances, the Russians have encouraged Communist China to believe that it enjoys a special status, have given Peking some genuine independence.

¶ Mao has indeed developed his own style of Red revolution—a special model for Asia. The gist: In underdeveloped countries without much industry, Communism cannot work through the industrial proletariat as it did in Russia and the West, but must win power through arming and organizing the peasants. From 1937-39, Mao fought for this concept against the orthodox type of Marxism represented by his rival Li Li-san. With specific approval of Stalin, Mao won the fight.

¶ There is evidence that Stalin is more than satisfied to give Mao a reasonably free hand as Vice President-in-charge-of-Asia within the great Communist corporation—as long as he can be sure that Mao will not try to go into business for himself. Stalin knows very well that for a long time Mao will be in no position to do that—and Mao knows it too. As the Korean war has shown, Communist China desperately needs economic and military help from Soviet Russia.

The possibility of a split between Mao and Stalin cannot be entirely ruled out. But it would be a terribly dangerous gamble for the U.S. to let itself be guided by hope for such a split. For Mao to rebel against Stalin, or for Stalin to force Mao into a rebellion, would be a blunder bordering on insanity. Both Mao and Stalin have made big mistakes before, but there is little in their long, successful careers to indicate that they are likely to commit such a whopper.

THE MOSLEM WORLD

NOBLER than paganism; cheaper than Christianity." So, last week, an Anglican bishop in a London speech, described the message of Islam.

London (and all Christendom) is newly aware of Islam. The shouts of Teheran mobs, the shot that killed King Abdullah, echo through the world's chancelleries. As it has for 1,300 years, the riddle of Islam still confronts the West. It stands there, some 300 million strong, not giving an inch from Casablanca to the Sulu Sea.

Islam no longer presses upon the West with the all-conquering armies that swept east to India and west to North Africa's Atlas Mountains within so few years of its founder's death in 632. Long gone is its eminence in science, law, commerce. Islam is poor, a sad fate for the only great religion founded by a successful businessman. Islam is divided and headless, a painful fate for a religion founded by a first-rate practical politician. Islam is militarily feeble, a disgrace to a religion that so eagerly took up the sword. Islam is intellectually stagnant, an ironic punishment for a religion which was founded upon an idea which for centuries carried the lamp of learning, and then, at the crisis of its history, deliberately turned its back upon reason as the enemy of faith.

Yet Islam in adversity is as great a marvel of impervious defense as it once was a marvel of invincible expansion. It survived three centuries of almost complete political and economic subjugation by alien powers. Generations of Christian missionaries beat upon it without making a dent. Year after year, the converts to Islam far outnumber the apostates from Islam.

Twelve of the world's nations have Moslem majorities. These lands may be the area of decision in the struggle between the West and Communism. If either of the great forces wins Islam as ally, the scale of power is tipped. To the West, opportunity beckons from one side of Islam—its God, its acceptance of the moral code, its protection of private property. To the Kremlin, opportunity beckons from another side of Islam—its poverty and corruption, its long acceptance of tyranny, its ingrained hatred of Christendom.

Much of the riddle of Islam—what it is, what makes it strong, what makes it weak—is derived from the personality and experience of its founder.

The Old Home Town

Mohammed and his birthplace owe a lot to each other. In his day—the 7th Century A.D.—Mecca was the main transfer point between southern Arabia and Syria. Mohammed, an orphan member of a major Meccan clan, entered the city's chief industry, cross-desert transport, and did well. He married his boss, Khadija, a widow some years older than he. He was devoted to her as long as she lived, and she was his first convert when he began going out into the desert and coming back with strange ideas about religion. The caravans to Mecca brought many tribes with many gods, and Mecca welcomed them all; the city contained the shrines of 360 deities. In addition to the regular business traffic, Mecca was host to pilgrims from all Arabia worshiping at these shrines. One of them was the Kaaba, a little building housing a stone which was venerated as a fetish sacred to Allah. To his fellow magnates of Mecca, Mohammed proposed nothing less than the sole worship of Allah and the abolition of all other gods.

In Mecca, this was a far more revolutionary proposal than it would have been elsewhere in the pagan world. Polytheism was at the heart of Mecca's economic and social life. If Mecca took a strong stand for one particular god, Mecca's pilgrim business would die. The practical choice for Mecca was polytheism or, if it elected monotheism, the political conquest of all Arabia and the imposition of its one-God religion. To a man, the Meccan leaders rejected Mohammed. But he persisted even after he gradually came to realize that his spiritual kingdom did not have a chance of spreading unless it also achieved a kingdom of this world. The political crisis of Christianity had not come until the 4th Century with the conversion of Constantine;

Islam's political crisis, confronting Mohammed at the start of his mission, colored all his teaching and all the subsequent history of Islam. Separation of God and Caesar, church and state, would always be alien and painful to Islam. Islam would always be as much a way of organizing society as it was a way of worshipping God.

A Practical Man

For 20 years Mohammed, with a handful of followers, struggled vainly in Mecca to convince the town leaders that there was no God but Allah. During these years he began to produce the Koran, which he said was not written by him but by God, and transmitted to him by the Angel Gabriel.

To 20th Century unbelievers the Koran seems a most uneven book; ethical and religious ideas of a high order sparkle amid dreary ruminations of a desert Dorothy Dix. Yet among Mohammed's contemporaries (and among Arabs today) the style of the Koran was considered superb.

The main religious influences on Mohammed were Jewish and Christian. From time to time, God sent prophets to warn mankind against idolatry. Abraham and Christ were two of the greatest; Mohammed was the last, "the Seal of the Prophets." He considered his teaching very close to Christianity, completely missed Christianity's key point: the Divine Redeemer.

A practical businessman, Mohammed believed in success. He thought that he was defending the Christians against the Jews when he asserted that the Christians invented the story of the Crucifixion, which he regarded as a shameful end for a great prophet. Christ, he said, actually slipped away to heaven and another man was crucified in his place.

Judgment Day

The difference between monotheism and polytheism is not just a matter of arithmetic. Polytheism assumes several divine wills, divergent, possibly conflicting. The polytheist is not surprised that the world seems capricious, illogical, anarchic. The man who says there is one God also says that there is one divine will and one truth. Nature, somehow, must make sense. Men are obliged to obey God's law.

In this way monotheism led Mohammed to ethics. Like the Jews, he interpreted the First Commandment so strictly that Moslems were forbidden to make any kind of picture or "image," and the ban holds today. He forbade the use of alcohol, and the majority of Moslems have obeyed this prohibition through the centuries. (Today, most well-to-do Moslems who have social contact with Westerners do drink.)

Mohammed sternly forbade sexual promiscuity, but for males this was greatly modified by permitting men to have as many as four wives, to divorce them at will, and to keep concubines in addition. In practice, most Moslems have one wife, no concubine; divorce is far less common than in the U.S.

On the Last Day, the bodies of all men would rise from the dead to undergo a Last Judgment of a merciful God, the Compassionate One. Mohammed would be on hand to intercede for the faithful.

Monotheism and the Last Judgment are the only important Mohammedan doctrines. Beyond these, the theology of Islam is as bare of major furniture as the inside of a mosque. Mosques are often decorated with intricately patterned and endlessly repeated geometrical designs. Similarly, Moslem teaching runs on about the hours and posture for prayers, when and how to perform ablutions and other helpful hints on morals, ritual and etiquette.

Success Story

Mohammed's success began when the city of Medina, torn by strife between two tribes, asked him to come and rule it. In 622, sending his followers on ahead, he transferred to Medina. This point, the Hegira, is the beginning of the Moslem calendar.

Immediately, Mohammed put the Medinans to work, raiding caravans, converting pagans, blockading Mecca from the north. In



"**THERE IS NO GOD BUT ALLAH**" for 500 million Moslems whose lives center around their mosques, both great and humble. Five times

daily the muezzin calls, and the faithful turn to Mecca in prayer. Above: the hand-carved dome of Alexandria's Abou-el-Abbas Moursi.



TEEMING CAIRO, theological capital of Islam, surrounds 14th Century Mosque of Sultan Hassan and 20th Century El Rifaieh.





TIME Map by R.M. Chapin, Jr.



HAIR OF MOHAMMED is prized possession of serene Badshahi Mosque in Lahore, Pakistan, vigorous new Moslem state.

ISTANBUL'S BLUE MOSQUE or Sultan Ahmet, built in 17th Century, is famed for its colored tile and six slender minarets.



630, Mecca gave in. As the Meccan leaders had foreseen, Mohammed had to conquer all Arabia to make the conversion of Mecca stick. This he did—brilliantly—before his death in 632.

Before his death, he made Mecca, and especially the Kaaba, a center of veneration that was to draw a thousand times more pilgrims than had ever worshiped at Mecca's polytheist shrines. One other act of Mohammed stands out as of permanent historical importance. When he captured the Christian settlement of Aylah, he found that he did not have enough followers to work the land. He made no effort to force the conversion of the Christians or to interfere in their communal government. He merely exacted a tribute from them. This policy of toleration became one of the main keys to Islam's astounding success. "Islam or the sword" was his policy toward pagans. That Islam offered this harsh choice to Jews or Christians ("People of the Book") is a canard of Christian propagandists.

The Years of Conquest

Mohammed neglected to set up a succession, and his oldest and closest associates chose as Caliph [successor] Abu Bakr, who immediately directed the Moslem breakout from the Arabian Peninsula. The Arabs' two great neighbors, the Persian and Byzantine empires, were exhausted by long wars.

The Moslems defeated both, swept forward so rapidly that they could not possibly stop to convert or even to govern the people they conquered. They applied the Aylah treatment: tribute and religious freedom. In some periods, the tribute from unbelievers poured in so fast that the Caliphs were not interested in conversion. The religious leaders of Islam formed a body called the Ulema, learned in the Koran and the Sharia [law]. They tended to be manuscript-eaters, verbal hair-splitters, not a type useful in missionary work. So far as the official religious leadership was concerned, the victories of Islam might have added up to no more than an ephemeral Arab conquest. But Mohammed had been not only a businessman, but a businessman who saw visions. Thousands of his followers had the same mysticism, the same zeal.

As the centuries passed, these mystical Moslems became known as *sufis* (from their garb of *suf*, or undyed wool). They were loosely organized around leaders, or saints, who sought from the Koran not learning, but direct "experience" of God. Sufism, loosely parallel to the monastic movement in Christendom, provided the driving power of internal and external missionary work.

No sticklers for the letter of the law, the *sufis* met the unbeliever as near as they could to his own doctrinal ground. No doubt Islam suffered some theological dilution in this process, but its tribes increased wonderfully. Followers of sufism converted the animist Berbers of North Africa, and later the Turks, who broke out of Asia conquering the Arabs and great Constantinople as well. Sufism, carried largely by Moslem merchants, converted Sumatra, Java, Malaya, all without any military help from the centers of Islam.

The Rejection of the West

Simple theology, plural marriage, the promise and threat of judgment, the military tradition, the toleration and the *sufi* mystics—these were all part of a beautifully balanced machine which made converts faster and more smoothly than Christianity ever did in its most blessed days. In most areas where Moslems conquered Christians, the bulk of the people eventually became Moslem.* Where Christians conquered Moslems few of the people embraced Christianity.

By 732, the Moslems reached their high-water mark in the West when Charles Martel beat them at Tours, 135 miles southwest of Paris. For centuries more they held Spain, Portugal, Sicily. In 1529 Suleiman the Magnificent was at the gates of Vienna.

Neither Mohammed nor any of his "Companions" had much contact with the world of Greek thought; there was no St. Paul among them. But many of the converts in Syria and North Africa were thoroughly Hellenized. At first, Islam allowed the

Hellenists to apply reason to problems of law and ethics. Islam, indeed, renewed Christendom's contact with Greek philosophy—especially with Aristotle—and out of this renewal flowed Aquinas' philosophy and, later, the Renaissance. From the first the Ulema had been suspicious of all legal and ethical judgments based upon reason. The learned doctors held that the Koran and the sayings of the Prophet were the only sources of truth.

This issue between the Hellenists and the custodians of the sacred scripts was in doubt until the 12th Century. It was decided by al-Ghazali, a teacher of vast learning and restless piety. He became a *sufi* and wrote a book called *The Decay of the Philosophers*, in which he rejected philosophy, pointing out the numerous occasions on which one philosopher contradicted another. A hundred years later, Avverae, greatest of the Hellenized Moslem thinkers, answered al-Ghazali with a book called *The Decay of the Decay*, pointing out the numerous occasions on which al-Ghazali had contradicted himself. On points, Avverae won the argument—but al-Ghazali won Islam.

This decision was the more important because Islam, with its lean and rigid theological structure, needed a systematic philosophy to help it to meet new situations. After Islam was de-Hellenized and thrown back upon the old texts, it tended to resist all change, because the inflexible scriptures were hard to apply. This reactionary social outlook has a lot to do with what ails Islam today. The wretched fellahin of Egypt can thank al-Ghazali for part of their lot.

The Major Sects

Islam had other troubles. The identity of church and state meant that political fissures became religious schisms and, occasionally, vice versa. The first and greatest split came over the succession. Ali, the fourth Caliph, was the husband of Mohammed's daughter, Fatima. After a turbulent reign, Ali was assassinated and his partisans later claimed that he should have been the first Caliph and that the succession had to pass through the "seed of the Prophet." Followers of this doctrine (mostly non-Arabs) became known as Shiites; today they dominate Iran. Members of the main body of Orthodox Islam are called Sunnites.

Quarrels among the descendants of the Prophet, assassination and civil war have marked every century including the present. These family claims to spiritual leadership of Islam are history's best argument for the celibacy of the clergy—or at least of major prophets.

Beard Striking

The impetus which Christendom (thanks largely to Islam) received from its renewed contact with Greek thought pushed Europe into an era of political and economic expansion and Islam fell into the shadow of the European empires. In the 19th Century, some Moslem leaders began to preach a Pan-Islamic revival, but this movement was broken by the rise of nationalism among Moslem peoples. In World War I the Arabs broke away from Turkish domination. Prostrate Turkey was revived by Kemal Ataturk, who achieved a separation of church and state, ended the Caliphate and banished religious leaders from public life.

Noting this and similar movements in the Moslem world, some observers thought that Islam was ready to go down beneath the tides of Western secularism. On the contrary, there is a new religious energy in Islam. In Turkey, the fez, banished by Ataturk, appears again as the badge of the Moslem. Men let their beards grow because the Prophet said, "Trim your mustaches and grow your beards." Both Turkey's political parties play up to religious sentiment, a process known in Istanbul as "stroking the beards." Without rejecting Islam, the Turks are making rapid strides toward progressive, democratic nationalism. To the east, one of the newest Moslem states, Pakistan, tries hard to apply the teachings of the Prophet to life in the 20th Century. Pakistan's Premier, Liaquat Ali Khan, is probably the ablest Moslem political leader in office today.

Except for Pakistan and Turkey, there are few hopeful signs in Islam. Caught in the tragedy of its history, Islam is strong enough to hold its millions, perhaps not strong enough to adapt itself to the changes that must come.

* There are many exceptions: more than half of Lebanon and 20% of Syria is Christian.

FOREIGN NEWS

GERMANY

Baby Airlift

The natural market for many of West Berlin's skilled industries is densely populated Western Germany. But to ship their products west through 110 miles of Red territory, Berlin businessmen must get clearance from Russian trade inspectors. For weeks, the Russians have been holding up Berlin's westbound exports on the pretext that they must be accompanied by "certificates of origin" showing the sources of all raw materials used in their manufacture. Last week, with 12,000 tons (\$17 million worth) of export goods piled up in West Berlin, the West met



U.S. DELEGATES AT EAST BERLIN FESTIVAL
West Germans were guided by smoke signals.

this new threat to Berlin's reviving economy with: 1) a new airlift in reverse, 2) a trade embargo between West Germany and the Communist Eastern zone.

Under contract to the West Berlin city government, four-engine U.S., British and French commercial aircraft began flying 200 tons of freight daily from Berlin to the west. Prospects were that unless the Russians dropped their demand for "certificates of origin," this "baby airlift" might be reinforced with military aircraft. At the same time, along the 500-mile curtain between East & West Germany, western border guards halted all freight, depriving the Soviet zone of a daily inflow of \$238,000 worth of western goods, among them badly needed iron and steel products. Backed by the Allied High Commission, the Bonn government refused to ratify a new trade agreement between East & West Germany until the Communists stop interference with West Berlin traffic.

The Reds' reaction: a threat to put an all-out blockade on West Berlin.

The Doves of Berlin

Along East Berlin streets boxed in with grotesque caricatures of a bloody-handed Uncle Sam bludgeoning a prostrate world, half a million blue-shirted young Germans marched up & down this week yelling their battle cry: "Freundschaft!" (friendship). Occasion: the opening of Communism's World Youth Festival, a grandiose, two-week propaganda brawl, designed along the lines of last year's huge but unsuccessful Berlin youth rally.

East Germany's blood-Red Free German Youth Movement (FDJ) snared "peace doves" (as the Communists called the festival delegates) from Communist

who gives the foremost example in the world fight . . ."

Three Soviet propaganda themes rose above the hullabaloo: 1) the old Russian lullaby cooing that Moscow seeks "unity with the peace-loving peoples everywhere"; 2) a nostalgic German love song urging the reunification of East and West Germany "under the leadership of . . . the mighty Soviet Union"; 3) a war chant directed at U.S. "war profiteers."

The Counter-Attractions. The Reds expected their doves to carry these themes home with them, and many would. But thousands of the young Red delegates, disillusioned with the damp tent camps provided them, were more interested in the well-stocked shops on the west side of the Brandenburger Tor. West Berlin's Mayor Ernst Reuter ordered his police to keep all Red troublemakers out, but invited the peaceful doves to "come in, look around and breathe the free air of West Berlin for a few minutes."

In addition to West Berlin's relatively prosperous streets, the West's strongest counter-attractions last week: 1) free meals and movies; 2) a dazzling U.S. display of electric toy trains; 3) a U.S. Air Force helicopter which was sent up to keep an eye on the festival, but almost got lost in a swarm of 20,000 cooing pigeons released by the Communist state managers as symbols of Red-style "peace."

IRAN

"O, Thou Aged Traitor!"

Iran's more apoplectic nationalists do not like the way U.S. Troubleshotter W. Averell Harriman and Premier Mohammed Mossadeq got together to try to patch up the oil crisis. Last week the nationalists accused Mossadeq of making too many concessions to resume negotiations with the British. The fanatically nationalist organization, Fedayan Islam, one of whose gunmen killed Premier Ali Razmara last March, reportedly threatened Mossadeq's frail life. One day last week Mossadeq walked into the Parliament building to explain to a Senate session why he had agreed to negotiate once more. Said Mossadeq, his voice quavering and tears rolling down his cheeks: "I give the assurance that as long as I am Premier, no steps will be taken to prejudice the interests of the nation. I shall definitely relinquish office if any attempt is made to take advantage of the situation and deprive the nation of its rights."

The Senate sat in stony silence. Mossadeq hobbled out of the chamber. Next day, when he made the same statement to the lower house, a deputy shouted: "O, thou aged traitor!"

Mossadeq sought to keep vague and veiled just what concessions he had made. But London let some of the terms slip. Mossadeq had insisted that the original Iranian oil nationalization law be accepted by the British in its general terms,



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THE FRENCH POLITICAL RACE Patience, but no Premier.

without reservation; but he abandoned, temporarily at least, his insistence on the second law, which spells out in nine tough points exactly how nationalization is to be accomplished. Some of the points: Anglo-Iranian to be taken over "immediately"; Anglo-Iranian to pay Iran an extra sum for all the oil it took out of the ground after March 21; the new "National Oil Company" to be operated exclusively by Iranians.

At week's end, Britain's Lord Privy Seal and new oil negotiator, Richard Stokes, flew into Teheran with four assistants. His government has already expressed its sympathy with Iranian aspirations, but Stokes and Mossadeq will have to agree on: 1) a scheme for joint British-Iranian companies to refine and market the oil; 2) a way to split the profits.

As his first official move, Stokes lunched at the royal palace, presented the Shah and his consort with overflowing baskets of gladioli, orchids, fruit brought from Britain; Teheran papers promptly saw a favorable omen for the talks. This week, Stokes, who glories in the role of a hard-hitting, U.S.-type businessman, will sit down at the conference table with the Iranians. Hovering in the background, ready with soothing words and compromise suggestions, is the one hero of the crisis: tireless W. Averell Harriman. His performance so far: excellent.

FRANCE

Still Trying

France went into the second month without a new government, and still its political revolving door creaked on. All week, would-be Premiers tried to wheelie the bickering center parties into a compromise, glancing nervously over their shoulders at General Charles de Gaulle, waiting to spurt into power if he gets the chance.

¶ Maurice Petsche, 55, hard-working Independent making his second try at forming a government, pleaded with the Assembly for unity. "Can we remain without a government?" he asked, "at a time when . . . a new balance of power is emerging in the Pacific? Can we go, insufficiently prepared, to the Atlantic Pact conference in September . . . ?" The Assembly rejected Petsche 281 to 101.

Guy Mollet, 45, tough, ambitious Socialist leader, an ex-teacher and wartime

resistance chief, saw no hope of success, refused President Vincent Auriol's invitation.

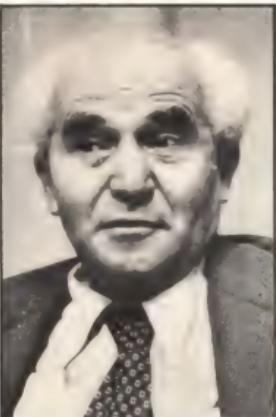
tion to try.
¶ René Pleven, 50, ex-businessman, ex-Premier and ex-Gaullist, who now leads an independent middle-of-the-road splinter party, at week's end agreed to take a crack at breaking the deadlock, eighth candidate since the election.

ISRAEL

"B-G" 's Dilemma

Almost never in their long history have the Jews achieved political unity. In modern Israel, though they have gotten together to achieve statehood, the Jews are politically as disunited as ever. The tiny country has accomplished a great deal since its birth three years ago. It has managed to survive as a state, in itself no mean feat; it has built an army which has the respect of the hostile Arab nations, and it has gathered in some 600,000 immigrants from Africa, Europe and the Middle East. But political factions, seizing on social and economic grievances, keep Israel in political turmoil.

David Ben-Gurion, who carries beneath the wild halo of his white hair great vi-



DAVID BEN-GURION
Premier, but no patience.

sions but little patience for political compromise, has ruled the country with difficulty. To satisfy the Jewish Orthodox bloc in his cabinet he accepted the virtual prohibition of civil marriages, the import of pork, the use of public buses on the Sabbath. But when, the Orthodox faction demanded that education in the immigrant camps be turned over to the rabbis, Socialist "B.-G." exploded, sought new elections. He hoped to win an absolute majority for his Mapai party (ideological twin of the British Labor party) which held only 46 seats of the 120 in the Knesset.

From Dan to Beersheba. One day last week, Israelis went to 1,750 polling places from Dan in the north, to Beersheba in the south. When the votes were counted, B.-G. was in as much trouble as ever. His Mapai had increased its popular vote from 35 to 37%, but had emerged with the same 46 seats. The Orthodox religious bloc had lost ground—from 16 to 14 seats. The pro-Soviet Mapam, formerly Israel's No. 2 party, dropped from 19 seats to 15. But B.-G. had a new antagonist: into second place, increasing their seats from seven to 20, went the right-of-center General Zionists.

Histadrut & Mapai. The General Zionists don't care much about orthodox religion; they do care about orthodox economics. Pointing to a spectacular decline in the standard of living, the General Zionists campaigned against the tie-up between the Histadrut, the Israeli labor federation, and the cabinet, seven of whose 13 members (including B.-G.) were Histadrut members. Histadrut is not only a trade union, enrolling 75% of all Israeli workers; it is also, by far, Israel's largest industrial employer, owning or managing 14% of all the nation's industry, including a virtual monopoly on cement production, bus transportation, agriculture. Charged the General Zionists: the Histadrut-Mapai alliance was strangling free enterprise, obstructing new ventures.

Hot-tempered B.-G. had blasted the General Zionists as a political aggregation of black-marketeers, the Orthodox bloc as fanatics, the Mapai as fellow travelers. Unless he swallowed some of his campaign oratory, his only possible partners in a new coalition would be such splinter groups as the Progressives (four seats), the pro-Mapai Arabs (five seats), the Mizrahi Religious Workers (*eight seats*).

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the Yemenites (one seat). Joined with them, B.-G.'s Mapai could command a bare hold on the Parliament. In that case, Israel stood in danger of becoming, in Ben-Gurion's own phrase, "a second France without a stable government."

THE SATELLITES

Purges & Deportations

Intelligence reports, refugees' accounts, dispatches by correspondents in neighboring countries, and the Communists' own news services spelled out a grim story of events in Russia's satellites.

Poland. Nine high military staff officers, four of them generals, several of them former members of the anti-Nazi Polish underground, are on trial, charged with spying for the West. A tenth is in jail. Deportation of "unessential" people from towns to rural areas is causing widespread unrest and desperate efforts to escape (see below). In Warsaw an estimated 40,000 former government workers, doctors, lawyers, and small businessmen have been ordered deported by the Communist police.

Hungary. Deportations to the provinces reached their highest peak in July. In Budapest, where an average of 2,000 people are being thrown out of their homes every week, some fathers expecting deportation of their families are tattooing their children so that they will be able to identify them in the future.

Czechoslovakia. Thousands are being deported from Prague, Brno and Bratislava. A new town is being built near the Soviet border, to accommodate deported workers intended for the nearby copper mines. Homes left vacant by the deported are filled up with "essential workers," i.e., young Communists with technical skills wanted for industry, particularly armaments. Four army generals, accused of plotting against the Red regime, have been arrested.

Bulgaria. Yugoslav intelligence sources reported the arrest of 200 high officials of the Bulgarian Communist Party. Rather than yield to Communist requisition of their produce, many Bulgarian peasants are burning their crops and taking to the forests and mountains, where they form small armed bands. An estimated 40,000 Bulgarian peasants have been deported from the Yugoslav-Bulgarian border region to concentration camps, another 35,000 sent to prison, and 1,800 or more peasant families interned in their homes.

Three Men & a Girl

The four friends—three young men and a dark-haired girl of 20—were passionately interested in aviation. They joined an amateur flying club in Poznan, western Poland, and began to ride the sky in whatever old craft they could lay their hands on. One of the men was a skilful pilot to begin with, and the others soon caught up. All four worked like Russian Stakhanovites on a plane of their own, scrounging parts and trying to make them stick together.

When the four friends surveyed their



REFUGEE POLISH SAILORS IN SWEDEN

They wanted free air.

© A. B. Reportagebild

finished craft, they saw a crate whose fuselage had only three seats, whose engine was Polish, whose tail wheel came from a Nazi Messerschmitt, whose carburetors and exhaust stacks were American. A split rudder panel had been patched with strips of an old leather jacket.

One night last week, the girl and the three men began to act strangely for simple aviation enthusiasts. Around 2 a.m., they crept quietly along the barbed-wire fence of the sleepy airport, sneaked on to the field without alarming the Communist state-security police, the MVD-trained Bezpieka. They got to the plane, turned over the engine and crowded into the cabin.

Then the Bezpieka sounded the alarm. Guards rushed up, tried to pull the four out of the plane, but two of the men and the girl beat the guards off while the pilot gunned the rachitic engine, and got the plane rolling across the field. The guards' bullets nicked the craft, but the doughty little plane took off, away.

Soon a Polish army craft was on the fugitive's tail. By zigzagging through a cloud bank over the Baltic, the four managed to elude it, despite their slow speed (75 m.p.h.). They navigated by compass, without a map.

Three hours after their take-off, Swedish army planes picked them up over Malmö, escorted them in to nearby Bultofta Airport. Said the girl: "We were fed up with the terror at home. It's good to breathe free air again."

Free air was also the goal of twelve members of the Polish navy* who mutinied last week against the five Communist officers of their minesweeper, *HG-21*, locked them in the officers' mess, and sailed the craft into the Swedish resort

* Which, like the Polish army, is commanded not by a Pole but by a Russian, Admiral Chertkov.

harbor of Ystad. When a Swedish pilot came aboard, one of the crew said in broken German: "We refugees; can we stay in Sweden?"

In Ystad harbor, vacationers milled around the docked minesweeper, watched the smiling faces of the seamen on deck and (peering through the mess porthole) the sour faces of the officers. Swedish authorities handed the ship back to the Polish captain, who headed home. Of the 16 mutineers, four at the last minute decided to go back to Communist Poland, fearing reprisals against their kin.

Among their fellow countrymen who also fled in the last two weeks:

¶ A Pole who reached Trieste and freedom by caching himself in the space between the ceiling and roof of a train coach on the Danzig express.

¶ Eighteen anti-Communist seamen, who jumped ship from the Polish liner *Batory* at Durham, England.

¶ Two mechanics at the Warsaw airport, who stowed away in the tail structure of a Polish airliner, made it to Paris' Le Bourget Field.

¶ Two Poles, who flew an aged biplane from Poland across Red Czechoslovakia to land near Passau, in West Germany.

GREAT BRITAIN

P-2

King George's vivacious younger daughter has been a favorite of the British public ever since she first made the papers at the age of one day. In honor of Princess Margaret's forthcoming 21st birthday this month, London's *Daily Express* borrowed a first-reader technique to explain her life in ABCs. Sample rubrics:

A for Accomplishments: "Pretty with a promise of fun . . . composed, and never, never looks bored even when she must be."

B for Buckingham Palace and Margaret's room there: "There's nothing remote-

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SWAN ROUNDUP ON THE THAMES
After bilge water, a vacuum cleaner.

International

ly royal about it," said a friend. "It is the kind of room you might expect to belong to the younger daughter of a rather old-fashioned country house."

C for the Cancan Margaret danced two years ago (TIME, July 25, 1949).

E for her Escorts: "Just now, No. 1 escort is Mr. Billy Wallace, the young and conspicuously eligible son of Mrs. Herbert Agar. The Princess, who sees a lot of him in town, will be staying at his country home for the Goodwood races."

G for the Guards, "where so many of her friends belong."

H for Holidays: not much fun with secret service men, parades and official escorts always near by.

N for Nicknames: "The Princess is always 'Ma'am' to you. But very privately to themselves, her friends refer to her as 'P-2'" (i.e., Princess No. 2).

Q for Queenmanship: "the art of always remembering who she is."

X for "the mark every one of us can make when voting—a privilege denied Princess Margaret."

Z for Zodiac: "Margaret, whose birthday falls on the 21st of August, is on the bridge between Leo and Virgo—a borderline case between the strong and the demure."

A Credit to the King

For 700 years, generations of royal swans have lived a fine life on the Thames, admired and fed by folk from Magna Carta Island to the Tower of London.^t

During World War II, when some swans disappeared, there were ugly rumors that

^t The King and his family may not express a political opinion, even by ballot.

Nowadays the King owns about 600 of the snow-white birds, while about 200 more are divided between the Worshipful Company of Dyers and the Worshipful Company of Vintners, on which the Crown bestowed gifts of swans in the 14th Century.

black-marketeers were conking them with clubs and selling them to shady restaurants where they were dished up as geese. Since then, under the increased vigilance of Thameside bobbies, the swans have sailed up & down, unafraid, wherever the whim took them.

Last week 60 of the swans sailed straight into a shower of bilge water disgorged by a ship and disgracefully dirtied their majestic plumage. The Vintners' swan master called for immediate action. Men in row-boats crowded the swans against the dock, fished them out one by one and hauled them away in vans to an R.S.P.C.A. clinic at Putney.

There experts cleansed the flapping, hissing birds with a carefully blended mixture of soap and paraffin, taking great care not to destroy the natural oil in their feathers ("without it they would become waterlogged and sink"). Also used in the operation: brushes, sponges, sandpaper and a vacuum cleaner.

This week, as white as swans, the birds were back patrolling the Thames, once more a credit to the King, the Worshipful Company of Dyers and the Worshipful Company of Vintners.

EUROPE

Asleep in the Deep

Long Henry was a 375-ft.-tall marine crane, the towering pride of Kiel Harbor, when the victorious British appropriated him in 1945. For five years, Long Henry played his robust, uncomplaining part in cleaning up bomb-battered Kiel. This year, the British sold him to the French for 1,500,000 marks (\$357,500).

When French engineers turned up at Kiel to collect the 5,000-ton crane, they decided to save the cost of dismantling Long Henry for transport by towing him by sea to France. German skippers who know the treacherous sea route around

A young man's career was
signed, sealed and delivered in

the Envelope

We were sitting around after lunch the other day—Bill Howell, Frank Parsons and I—having our coffee and talking about this and that, and the subject got around to how we all got started in the work we were doing.

I'd told them how winning an essay contest in school had put me on the road to being a writer of sorts instead of the engineer I thought I was going to be, and then Bill Howell explained how, as a young lad, he had become interested in architecture through watching them remodel his father's grocery store.

I turned to Frank Parsons and said, "Looks as if you're the only one here who followed his father's footsteps, Frank. Was that by accident, or by choice, or what?"

Frank tamped some tobacco in his pipe and grinned. "Well, it's quite a story, but if you're really interested, I'll tell you..."

He held a match to his pipe and puffed thoughtfully for a moment and then went on. "My dad always wanted me to go into the same business he was in, but he never tried to talk me into it. He wanted me to do whatever I thought I could do best, and let me have my own way about choosing a career.

"One day after I got out of college back in 1920, I stopped at Dad's office to tell him I was going across town to see about a job I'd heard was open at the mill. Dad said that was fine and wished me luck. Then he picked up a couple of envelopes from his desk and said, 'As long as you're going over that way, Frank, would you mind dropping this off for me?' He handed me one of the envelopes, shoved the other in his coat pocket and said, 'I want to de-



liver this one myself because it's pretty important—and it will save me some time if you take the other."

Frank Parsons put down his pipe and said, "I never did get to the mill that day—or any other. After I delivered the envelope I went back to Dad's office and asked him how soon I could start working for him."

Bill Howell leaned across the table and said, "What happened that made you change your mind?"

Frank Parsons smiled and said, "It was that envelope. It was addressed to a woman who lived on the way to the mill, and she opened it while I was standing there. Inside it was a check from New York Life. Her husband had died just a short while before and left her with four small children, and—well, I guess you just never know what life insurance is all about until you see what it means to people..."

Bill Howell nodded. "That was a pretty smart stunt of your father's—sending you on an errand like that, knowing that it

might be the one thing that would swing you over to being a New York Life agent like himself."

We pushed back our chairs, and as we were leaving the table Frank Parsons said, "That's the funny part of the whole thing. Dad was in such a hurry and the envelopes looked so much alike that he gave me the wrong one! He thought he'd sent me over to pay the gas bill!"

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the Danish peninsula pronounced the scheme "suicidal," but the Frenchmen thought they knew better. They hawsed four tugs to Long Henry, chugged away with him into the Kattegat Straits between Denmark and Norway. Off the northern tip of Denmark, a fierce storm blew up; Long Henry began to wallow like a waterlogged dinosaur. For an instant his long steel neck shot high above the waves, as if to get a last look at the shore; then, in a whirlpool of foam, he capsized and plunged to the bottom, taking with him one French sailor.

The French, who had spent another half million marks on the towing operation, sent salvage ships to the spot. But not a gurgle was heard from Long Henry. The French abandoned their search, sailed home. Last week France was out 20,000.000 marks, the British were wealthier by 1,500,000 marks, the Germans of Kiel were out one valuable crane, and Long Henry was rusting at the bottom of the sea.

SOUTH AFRICA

Nooitgedacht

Fifty years ago, almost any man with a shovel, a bottle of brandy and a passion to be rich could go digging for diamonds in South Africa and hope to make his fortune. Today, most diamonds are found in mines thousands of feet underground. What is left of known diamond-bearing top soil is probed by individual diggers who average between \$15 and \$800 a year. Last month the vast De Beers Diamond Co. threw open to prospectors 950 acres of a farm called *Nooitgedacht* (Never-thought-it-would-come-true), 20 miles from Kimberley, last remaining De Beers diamond grounds. Eighty-one diamond prospectors and their Negro helpers lined up for the rush.

At the toot of a motor horn, the prospectors stormed *Nooitgedacht*, began pegging out their 45-foot-square claims. The Negro laborers shoveled furiously through three or four feet of clay to layers of gravel which the prospectors scooped up, rocked in hand sieves and dumped on sorting tables. The diggers (who will pay De Beers 10% of their finds) were a mixed lot. Among them were a monocled Scot known as "Donal the Duke"; bearded, Bible-carrying "Uncle Pete the Sky Pilot," and big, burly, sombrero-wearing Jacob Venter, 51, who has spent half his life looking for diamonds.

One day last week, Venter's Negro laborer Mameejie called excitedly to his boss, held up a yellow diamond the size of a pigeon's egg. The diamond diggers crowded around, passed it from hand to hand. The stone was a "Cape yellow" weighing 51½ carats, a nearly perfect octahedron and one of the biggest diamonds ever found in South Africa.* Next day Venter sold it for \$51,100, Mameejie's cut: \$280. While other prospectors feverishly dug away in *Nooitgedacht*, Venter said merely: "Man, I been smiling so much it hurts."



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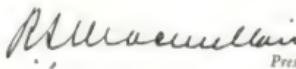
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TIME, AUGUST 12, 1951

THE HEMISPHERE

CUBA

Self-Made Martyr

Since his student days at the University of Havana, Senator Eduardo Chibás, 43, has been proclaiming and demonstrating his willingness to shed his blood for a cause or for his honor. He has fought numerous duels, including a saber engagement in 1947 with Carlos Prio Socarrás, now President of Cuba. When someone fired a bullet at Chibás while he was making an open-air speech back in 1947, he buried his chest and cried, "Go ahead and shoot! The *Orthodoxos* need a martyr."

"*Orthodoxos*" are members of Chibás' own Cuban People's Party. "Eddy" Chibás was once an *Auténtico*, a member of the Cuban Revolutionary Party, which has elected the last two Presidents of Cuba. But in 1947 he broke with the party, was soon denouncing *Auténtico* office-holders as crooks and plunderers on his Sunday-night radio broadcasts. Cubans listened in fascination as Chibás assailed government graft and embezzlement. But he could never make his hottest accusations stick. For Chibás, the futile search for proof has been bitterly frustrating. "People don't believe me any more," he said recently.

When he appeared at the CMQ studio for his regular Sunday broadcast this week, Chibás seemed depressed. He turned the microphone over to a friend, José Pardo Llada, who roasted the *Auténticos* for 20 minutes; Chibás himself made only a short speech. He ended with: "People of Cuba, awake!" Then he fumbled under the coat of his natty, double-breasted white suit, grasped his .38-cal. revolver, squeezed the trigger. The bullet ripped into his belly, shattering his spine.

As he was being rushed to a private clinic in a friend's car, he slumped down at the ugly wound and mumbled, "It's a shame it didn't go right through the heart."

CANADA

"I'm Their Boy"

Old William Hill was Niagara's best-known riverman, a veteran of three rides through the rapids below the falls in a barrel. He was credited with recovering 177 bodies cast up by the river. Before he died in 1942, he told his son William Jr.: "Look after the river, Red." Red Hill worked at odd jobs, did some tourist guiding, shot the rapids himself in 1945 and 1948, gradually developed an irresistible hankering to go over the falls from the top. If he did it and lived, he would be the fourth person in history to accomplish the feat. Said he: "People want to see somebody go over those falls, I'm their boy."

Hill decided to make his craft as light as

* The others: Mrs. Anna Edson Taylor in 1901; Bobby Leach in 1911 (he died a few years later, after slipping on a banana peel); Jean Lussier, in a rubber ball, in 1928. Two others tried and perished, in 1920 and 1930. Red Hill saw the second die.



Henry Wallace

SENATOR EDUARDO CHIBÁS
Duels, charges and despair.

possible, to clear the rocks and bob quickly to the surface after the 162-ft. drop. He fashioned a cylinder of 13 truck-tire inner tubes held together with netting, fitted it with an air mattress, christened it *The Thing*. This week a crowd of more than 100,000 Sunday sightseers gathered for two miles along the banks of the Canadian Horseshoe Falls to watch the show: Hill's mother was among them.

The Thing rocketed straight out from the brink of the falls, dropped into foam, bounced into view once or twice, then vanished in the mist. A few minutes later it



Associated Press
RED HILL IN "THE THING"
Foam, mist and a legacy.

bobbed free of the boiling water, just as Hill had predicted, but it had been broken to a tangled, shapeless mass. Hill was gone. His mangled body was recovered 16 hours later near the pier of the famed *Maid of the Mist* sightseeing boat.

ARGENTINA

The Turn of the Screws

With each passing week, as the screws are slowly turned down, Juan Perón's Argentina looks more like a fascist-type dictatorship. Last week Perón & Co. twisted the screws tighter in three fields.

LABOR. In Buenos Aires' suburbs one morning, a series of explosions boomed out; rails were ripped up and a bridge damaged. Commuter trains were stranded; thousands were late getting to work. The demonstration was staged by members of *La Fraternidad*, the brotherhood of engineers and firemen. Bulldozed against their will into the *Peronista* General Confederation of Labor (C.G.T.), they were striking for the freedom of their union. To Perón, who regards Argentine labor as his permanent prop and personal property, the uproar was acutely embarrassing: first he tried to ignore it by blaming the disturbances on "alien" (i.e., U.S.) influences. Then he had to face facts and invoke emergency powers making strikers subject to military law. That worked, but labor had had one more good look at Perón's iron heel.

EDUCATION. Rich Buenos Aires Province (pop. 4,500,000) got the details of a new plan of operation for all public schools "to ensure the perpetuation of the [Perón] revolution by means of a new education." Among the principles to be taught: "the conviction that *Peronistas* must carry out Argentina's historic mission." History, geography, economics are all to be brought into line. This move to shore up the regime by forced indoctrination of youth—a classic totalitarian technique—did not pass without protest. Cried Senator Ricardo González: "This government . . . now wants to contaminate the very wellsprings of the Argentine spirit."

JOURNALISM. Since the murder of *La Prensa* (TIME, March 12, et seq.), Buenos Aires' last surviving independent daily is *La Nación*—proud, conservative, accurate. Argentines who hunger for honest news instead of government pap now queue up at the paper's office at 6 a.m. to buy the few extra copies available (Perón controls the newsprint and holds the circulation down to 180,000 daily). Dealers sell copies for 25 times the normal price. When *La Nación* reported last week's rail strike factually instead of parroting the government line, the *Peronista* press and radio launched a vicious attack on the paper. Recalling that *La Prensa* had been similarly attacked for objective reporting of last January's rail strike, observers wondered whether this might be a prelude to a final assault on *La Nación*.

PEOPLE

Hearts & Flowers

Crooner Frank Sinatra, carrying on his round-the-world pursuit of Cinemactress Ava Gardner, entered new territory when he and Ava flew off to Mexico for "a quiet vacation" together. It turned out to be neither very quiet nor much of a vacation. At El Paso, when reporters asked if the junket was going to include plans for a quick south-of-the-border divorce from Wife Nancy (who is about to bring her own suit in California), Frankie snarled: "You're wasting your time. Why don't you go home and have your dinner?" In Mexico City he lost his temper again and *La Prensa* labeled him "the mediocre tenor of very limited resources [who] hates newsmen."

Deeply wounded, Frankie took Ava off to Acapulco to do some nightclubbing with Hedy Lamarr and her new husband, Ted Stauffer, owner of a local nightclub. Hedy, however, pointedly snubbed Ava; and Frankie, this time with a bodyguard, found another fight when a photographer snapped a picture of the happy couple. While the bodyguard threatened to put a bullet through the photographer unless he gave up the film, Frankie shouted to reporters: "This is a private affair of my own, and I don't have to talk to anyone, you sonasbitches." The whole affair did not seem so private to nightclub patrons who had just witnessed a balcony scene between Frankie and Ava. Said one: "They thought nobody could see them when they went out there to smooch in the dark, but they were wearing white clothes and it was better than the floor show."

Property & Penalties

In Spokane, some 3,500 curious and bargain-hungry citizens turned out to watch the Government auction off the house and effects of mobdom's tax delinquent Virginia Hill. The house was knocked down to a local salesman for \$30,237, just \$237 more than the Government's minimum selling price. Some 1,800 odds & ends brought a total of \$14,992, including Virginia's own little .25-caliber pistol with a clip and a couple of shells for \$36; a ruby-studded wedding ring intended for her marriage to the late Bugsy Siegel, which went for \$10. With the new credits, the tax agents figured, Virginia still owes \$115,881 in back income taxes.

Writing in the *International Teamster*, President Daniel J. Tobin took a slap at high-priced labor leaders. The pay should be good, said Tobin, "but I don't believe that we should follow the millionaire class . . . In our last convention I refused to be a candidate for office if they increased my salary from \$30,000 to \$50,000 per year.*

* Some other salaries (not including expense accounts): the Railway Clerks' President George M. Harrison, \$35,000, to be boosted to \$76,000 if the Salary Stabilization Board approves; John L. Lewis, \$50,000; James C. Petrillo, \$46,000; William Green and Philip Murray, \$25,000.

Out of my salary I pay in state and federal taxes one half of the amount I receive. Even then I have enough left to live decently and honorably and to maintain the dignity of my position."

The will of the late Actor David Warfield, filed for probate last week, left an estate of more than \$1,000,000; that of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg came to \$830,581.46.

A Republican charge that Cinemactress Myrna Loy and her new State Department husband Howland H. Sargeant had enjoyed a Paris honeymoon at government expense is just not so, declared Georgia's Democratic Congressman Prince



FRANK SINATRA & AVA GARDNER

Better than the floor show.

Preston Jr. The bridegroom did indeed travel on government funds because he was on an official mission; the honeymoon was coincidental and he paid his wife's bills. Besides, Preston added, since conferences frequently started at 8 a.m. and lasted until 2 a.m., "Paris turned out to be a mighty poor place to spend a honeymoon."

Personality Kids

Irked over Moscow's refusal even to acknowledge his recent "friendship resolution," Connecticut's burbling Senator Brien McMahon offered another suggestion: that 50 members of Congress be invited to tour Russia while the U.S. plays host to members of the Politburo.

Michigan's junior Senator Blair Moody also had U.S.-Soviet Union relations on his mind. He announced that he was spon-

soring Dr. Ralph Bunche as Ambassador to Moscow to replace retiring Admiral Alan G. Kirk. So far, the response had been "excellent," ex-Reporter (Detroit News) Moody said. Furthermore, such an appointment "would certainly be a living refutation to the whole Communist propaganda line in Asia that American grinds down people of colored races."

In a syndicated series called "Stay Away from Hollywood," Cinemactress Betty Hutton warned would-be stars about Hollywood pitfalls, including the difficulties of romance among the movie great: "Even if you should become a star, love in Hollywood is still a major problem . . . Once you become a star, you can't be seen with anybody who is not an established actor. And most of those handsome males are married. So you have to give up any ideas of wearing a wedding ring and leave your love life to chance." Other Hollywood columnists, however, reported that Betty's chance had come along: as soon as her divorce from Chicago Camera Manufacturer Ted Briskin is final, she will become the second wife of Author-Producer Norman Krasna. Pledge of their engagement: a ring of 30 diamonds piled in the shape of a pyramid.

In a Los Angeles court, where the will of the late W. C. Fields is being contested, his longtime Secretary Magda Michael appeared as a witness, gave some sidelong testimony on one of the comedian's unfulfilled ambitions: to rehabilitate Wino, a small dog which skid-row sots had taught to drink wine. "The poor beast is sodden with wine," Fields had said, "I shall wean him on dry Martinis, then I'll taper him off on beer. Eventually I'll make him a teetotaler." Fields had died before he got a chance to begin his mission.

Bored with being a dark blonde, *Greta Garbo* startled her Manhattan café friends by sporting a new purple hairdo. Term for the tint: "Burnt walnut."

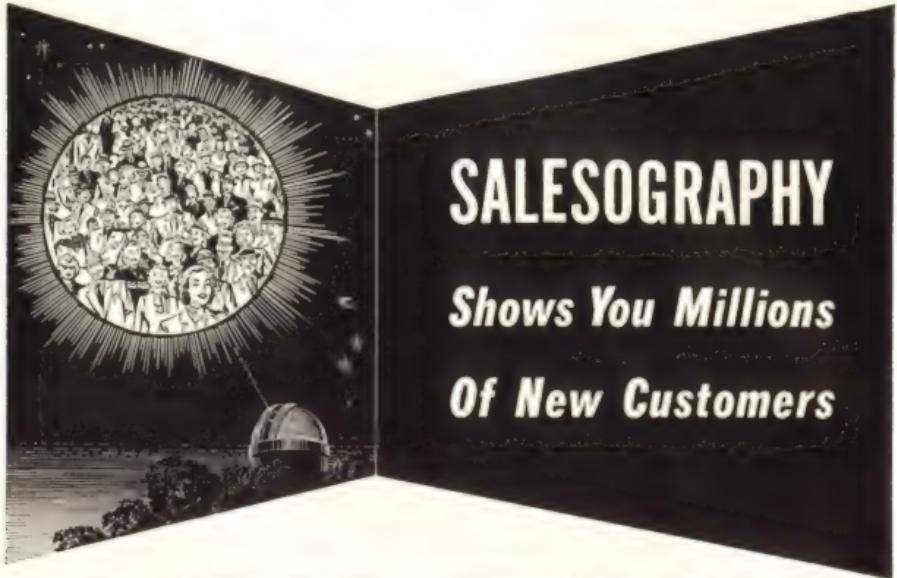
Hollywood Cuckooe *Gene Autry* decided his life story would be a box-office attraction too, planned to start making *The Gene Autry Story* as soon as he could find a photogenic boy to play the youthful Autry, and another actor to play *Will Rogers*, who inspired him to leave the drudgery of being an Oklahoma telegrapher some 22 years ago.

Time & Tides

While royal salutes boomed across England, Queen Elizabeth quietly celebrated her 21st birthday in Balmoral Castle, Scotland.

For a "lifetime of outstanding contributions to aeronautics, including pioneering work with multi-engine airplanes, flying boats, amphibians and helicopters," Russian-born Igor I. Sikorsky, 62, was awarded the 1951 Guggenheim aviation medal.

Historian Samuel Eliot Morison, 64, who left Harvard to enter the war as a reservist lieutenant commander, was placed on the retired list as a rear admiral. Morison's plans: to keep right on writing his comprehensive *History of United States Naval Operations in World War II*.



Geography Shows You Cities . . . Salesography Shows You People

SALESOGRAPHY is the new concept in sales and advertising planning. Study your market through the powerful telescope of Salesography, and you will see 90,000,000 customers that you may have been overlooking.

Many sales managers and advertising men are thinking in terms of *geography*. They concentrate on getting distribution and advertising coverage in all the major cities—and think the job is done. But Salesography shows that this gives no assurance that their product is getting through to the ultimate consumer in the volume that it should.

True, volume sales of many items are made in the large cities. But to whom? Salesography shows that buying centers are, to a large extent, dependent on the purchases of small town customers. If you expect to sell these customers, they must be presold in their homes. Preselling is the function of advertising.

Salesography shows the extent to which small

town people go to the city to buy. It also proves that advertising directed primarily at city readers fails to reach the millions of small town customers whose purchases are counted in city store sales.

Remember, 90,000,000 Americans live in and around the smaller communities. PATHFINDER influences these often forgotten millions like no other medium. Being a news magazine, PATHFINDER is read by people of higher than average income and intelligence—the "leading citizens" who shape the buying habits of the community. In and around cities and towns of 25,000 or less, PATHFINDER leads all news magazines. This is the market where PATHFINDER concentrates 80% of its 1,200,000 circulation.

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THE FAMILY
NEWS MAGAZINE

EDUCATION



Wins best of breed award—another Dash-fed champion!

Handler Richard Cooper admires *Champion Marsador of Windswept* after the Weimaraner won over 32 others at Chicago's International Dog Show. Says Cooper, "This is a fairly new breed in the show world and Mars has already proved to be one of the best. Mars is outstanding in the field, too. He's a willing worker, spectacular pointer and excellent retriever. That calls for real stamina. Mars needs a good, balanced diet, like any hunting dog—and he gets it. Whether at a show or out on a hunting trip, Mars always gets Arnour's Dash Dog Food—it's fortified with liver, the richest of all meats!" Watch your dog thrive on Dash!

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Bull Market in U.S. History?

Should U.S. history be revised—upwards? Have U.S. historians been selling the U.S. short? These were the questions 200 teachers and historians were discussing last week at the annual meeting of the Institute of American History. The Institute was started ten years ago by Stanford's Edgar E. Robinson, who wanted to get scholars and teachers together. Last week, the teachers got a ringing earful from Columbia's Historian Allan Nevins.

"It's about time," said Nevins, that U.S. historians changed their tune.*

"We have become first a great world power, and now, the great power. We must view the past, therefore, through this changed perspective . . .

"In the cynical '20s and '30s, our men of strength and stature were described as pygmies. The elder Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie . . . Henry Ford were treated as archetypes of greed . . . Historians have underestimated their constructive work."

"In future histories, our industrial leaders will stand forth as the great builders of our industrial might . . . Coming historians will realize that this era . . . is one of the great hours in the history of the U.S. and English-speaking peoples, and may be invested with the heroic radiance of the Elizabethan period or the Age of Pitt . . ."

For Yale, a Thomist

The Yale philosophy department has all sorts—logical positivists and metaphysicians (e.g., Carl Hempel and Paul Weiss), Agnostic F.S.C. Northrop, Physicist Henry Margenau, Idealist Theodore Greene. Last week, Yale added the final diversity—a Thomist, and the only Jesuit professor at any big non-Catholic university in the U.S.

The man Yale picked for next year is the Rev. John Courtney Murray, 46, a tall (6 ft. 4 in.), cucumber-cool intellectual who teaches theology at Woodstock (Md.) College, but is famed far beyond. Father Murray is a towering figure among U.S. Catholic scholars. A polite and learned defender of the faith, he edits the erudite quarterly, *Theological Studies* (he will continue to do so at Yale), and is the spearhead of a bold attempt to reconcile traditional Catholic church-state doctrine with U.S. practice.

The son of a New York lawyer, Murray always wanted to be a priest. His taste for study led him to the Jesuits. After taking an M.A. at Boston College, he taught for three years in the Philippines, then went to Rome for a doctorate at Gregorian University. In 1937 he joined the faculty of Woodstock.

He will find Yale quite a change after 14 years at Woodstock. There he taught

* One new tune needed, said Librarian of Congress Luther Evans, is more military history. "As one of my colleagues at Columbia once said: 'In abandoning the drum-and-trumpet school of history, we adopted the bum-and-trumper school.'"



Allan Nevins
HISTORIAN NEVINS
Wanted: a new tune.

in Latin, and by the time his students came to him they had already traveled far—two years of classical studies, three years of philosophy, three more of teaching in Jesuit colleges all over the world.

Father Murray looks forward to introducing Yallemen to Thomism: "I want to show it is a rational philosophy, that it's acceptable intellectually, not only because great intellectuals of previous ages have accepted it, but in itself as a mode and body of thought. If I can't make my students see it, that's the end." The betting at Woodstock is that Murray will make them see it.



FATHER MURRAY
Wanted: a final diversity.

Professor's Pattern

The University of Michigan was proud of Professor Malcolm Herman Soule, 54. A precise and brilliant scholar, an exacting teacher (students called him "The Hatchetman of the Freshman Medical School"), he was also one of the nation's top bacteriologists.

For 32 years, Professor Soule's life proceeded in perfect pattern. But under the pattern, all was not well with Professor Soule. Early this summer, the university began to get anonymous phone calls, charging Dr. Soule with stealing. Investigation proved the charges true. As head of the bacteriology department, Dr. Soule had access to special funds to pay the expenses of visiting educators. He had been getting money for visitors who had never come.

The total theft amounted to \$487.05. Dr. Soule never explained why he took it. He repaid in full, then tried to resign. The university was inclined to mercy, but the regents favored justice; they decided to call in the county prosecutor.

Three hours after he got the news, Dr. Soule wrote a note to his family (his two daughters were abroad), begging forgiveness for the disgrace he had brought. Then, after asking his wife what time dinner would be, he went down to the basement, filled a hypodermic with snake venom and gave himself eight injections. When his wife came to call him for dinner, she found him lying on the floor. "Don't call a doctor," he whispered, "there's no antidote to this poison." In a few minutes, he was dead.

He had been suffering from cancer for the last twelve years. An autopsy showed that his sinuses were riddled with infection—"a condition," said the doctor, "that would have caused a great deal of continual pain."

Ford's Progress

The aims of the Ford Foundation seem as vague as they are noble. But it has a lot of un-vague money to spend—more (\$30 million a year) than any other foundation in the world. By last week it was beginning to be apparent where the Ford largesse is landing.

About one-third of it will go abroad, to further world peace by a kind of private Point Four program. Last week the Foundation gave \$1,309,500 to the Free University of Berlin. Then Director Paul Hoffman and some of his top officials set off for a three-week tour of Europe and Asia to see what else they could do.

They intended to go only to countries that invited them, and take on projects not supported by any government. The projects could be anything from farm development to nutrition, if only they would help to reduce "tensions." One tension the Foundation hopes to reduce is in the India-Pakistan area.

The Foundation has mapped out five fields to work in:

1) **Peace.** Contributions to date: some \$7,000,000. Sample grants: the Resettlement Campaign for Exiled Professionals



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FRANCIS GROVER CLEVELAND
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THE DUKE DI VERDURA
DENIS CONAN DOYLE
MAJ. GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT
SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

DENNIS KING
PAUL LUKAS
LAURITZ MELCHIOR
THE MARQUESS OF MILFORD HAVEN
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
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(\$500,000), the Free Russia Fund (\$200,000), the American Friends Service Committee (\$500,000).

2) **Freedom and Democracy.** No action yet.

3) **Economic Well-Being.** No action yet.

4) **Education** (including adult education programs). Contributions to date: more than \$10 million. Sample grants: \$1,000,000 to Yale, Columbia, Chicago and Wisconsin for preinduction scholarships for 161-year-olds; more than \$1,000,000 for fellowships to young college teachers; \$175,000 to the Great Books Foundation.

5) **The Study of Human Behavior.** Contributions to date: more than \$3,000,000. Sample grant: \$100,000 to the National Manpower Council of Columbia University.

This week the Foundation stepped outside its "areas" to make a special grant of \$1,200,000 for a radio-television workshop. The workshop will turn out educational and public service shows, sell them to commercial sponsors.

Lumbering Lingo

The lingo used by sociologists and such annoys many reasonable people. Richard D. Fay of M.I.T. is one of them. Last week the Washington *Star* picked up a letter he had written to the Harvard *Alumni Bulletin* in which he showed how the "Gettysburg Address" would sound, lumbered up in that lingo:

"Eight and seven-tenths decades ago, the pioneer workers in this continental area implemented a new group based on an ideology of free boundaries and initial conditions of equality. We are now actively engaged in an overall evaluation of conflicting factors . . . We are met in an area of maximum activity among the conflicting factors . . . to assign permanent positions to the units which have been annihilated in the process of attaining a steady state. This procedure represents standard practice at the administrative level.

"From a more comprehensive viewpoint, we cannot assign—we cannot integrate—we cannot implement this area . . . The courageous units, in being annihilated . . . have integrated it to the point where the application of simple arithmetical operations to include our efforts would produce only negligible effects . . .

"It is preferable for this group to be integrated with the incomplete implementation . . . that we here resolve at a high ethical level that the deceased shall not have been annihilated without furthering the project—that this group . . . shall implement a new source of unhampered activity—and that political supervision composed of the integrated units, for the integrated units, and by the integrated units shall not perish from . . . this planet."

In Washington last week, the Air Force tried to describe some new electronics equipment. "Special emphasis," it announced "has been placed on miniaturization and ruggedization." Meaning: the equipment will be smaller and tougher.

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Letter from a soldier

På
USA

THE THINGS you write about concern us all, soldier.

You remind us that liberty wears a high price tag—that some of the things we value most must be taken from us for a while as we arm against aggression.

You've given much. To a lesser degree all Americans are giving up temporarily some rights, freedoms and opportunities. But none of us is giving up the right to get them back.

All of us must guard this right dearly. Because there are people who have been saying for years that the government ought to own and run things

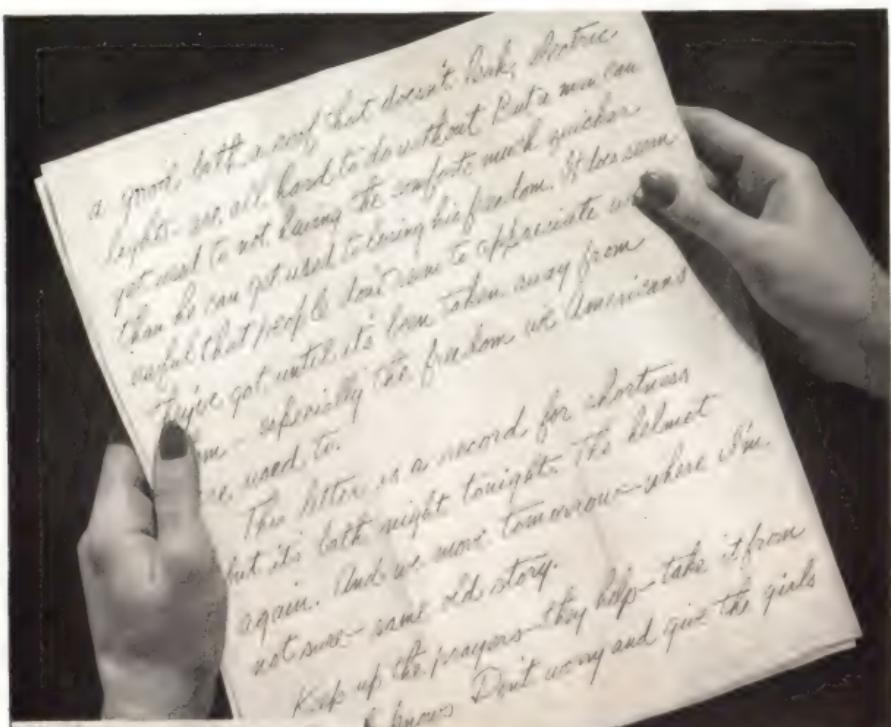
permanently. "Take over this business, or that industry or service," they say. Now that we're rearming, these same people think they have a new excuse for letting the government "take things over."

There's only one name for this: it's socialism. And most Americans don't want it. For socialism takes away your rights, freedoms and opportunities, not just for a while - but forever.

Americans don't mind sacrifices when their liberty is at stake. For soldier and civilian alike, "no price is too great - except freedom."

To remind everyone of the vital difference between temporary government control in a national emergency and the permanent form of control which is socialism, this message is published by a group of America's Electric Light and Power Companies*.

* Company names on request from this magazine



(From letter written by a Lieutenant
of U. S. Artillery in Korea)

ART



TIEPOLO'S "ABDUCTION OF HELEN" & "CHRIST FLAGELLATED"
After the golden heyday, one last spectacular display.



Venetian Virtuoso

Eighteenth Century Venice was gay, decadent and lip-service pious. Its sophisticated proverb: "In the morning a bit of Mass, in the afternoon a little game, in the evening a woman." Its most famous son: the amorous mountebank Casanova. Its most accomplished artist: industrious Giambattista Tiepolo, who painted exactly to his townsmen's taste.

In proud retrospect this week, Venice is giving Tiepolo his due in the biggest roundup of Tiepolos in history: 112 canvases, 150 drawings and engravings, gathered from museums, churches and private collections from Helsinki to Kansas City. In addition, special "Tiepolo Tours" cart art lovers through Venetian *piazze*, churches and nearby villas to see the painter's magnificent frescoes, full of spiraling angels, cherubs and pretty ladies.

Clogged Lagoons. The golden heyday of Venetian painting (Bellini, Titian, Tintoretto) was long past when Tiepolo was born in 1696. The Republic of Venice, its trade failing, its lagoons clogging with silt, was living on past glories and borrowed time. Tiepolo, like the Venetian aristocracy, took the riches accumulated by the Renaissance, blew them on one last spectacular display.

He began his own talented display in his teens, at 26 was considered accomplished enough to decorate the walls of the palace of the reigning Doge Cornaro. Soon he had so many commissions for his theatrical representations of the Scriptures and his fancy-dress treatments of mythology that he could not keep up.

Gravity Defied. As his fame spread, he got offers from abroad. In 1736, the Swedish Ambassador to Venice invited

him to travel to Stockholm to decorate the royal palace, wrote home to King Frederick I: "He is full of spirit, very accommodating, and a painter of infinite fire . . ." But Stockholm didn't promise a big enough commission; Tiepolo decided not to accommodate. He scattered his sprawling frescoes and altar pieces across northern Italy and Germany, brightened palace ceilings from Milan to Würzburg with gravity-defying gods and goddesses posed dramatically on luminous, pink-edged clouds. With his lightning technique, facile draftsmanship and virtuous brush, he covered more feet of canvas and wall than any other first-rate painter of his day.

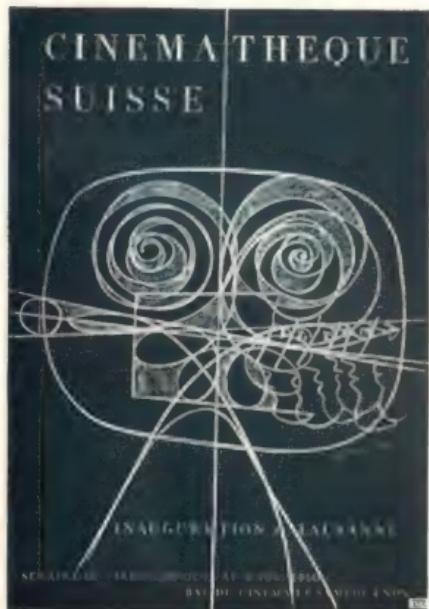
At 66, Tiepolo made his last long European journey; he took his two painters, Giandomenico and Lorenzo, and traveled to Madrid. There, on the vaulted ceilings of Carlos III's royal palace, he painted his last great works, glorifying the Spanish monarchy. But the peak of his popularity had passed. The baroque style which he had exploited to its limits had gone out of fashion. When he died in Madrid in 1770, at 74, his last canvases, altar screens painted for the San Pasquale convent in Aranjuez, were carted off to the basement. It was more than 150 years before the last of them was brought back upstairs, hung in a place of honor in Madrid's Prado.

PERSUASION PLUS PLEASURE

U.S. posters slam the eye more often than they soothe it, and clutter up many a highway to the point where tourists are surprised to find the cows and trees behind the billboards. That posters are not necessarily obnoxious is amply proved by a traveling exhibition of European examples (*opposite*) currently installed at Chicago's Lakeside Press Galleries. They are mostly Swiss posters—because the Swiss not only produce the world's best, but know what to do with them.

Swiss posters aim to please the man in the street, not just persuade him. Recognizing that posters are a public art form as well as an advertising medium the Swiss limit them to reasonable size (35 by 50 inches), restrict their display to appropriate spots, and require that they be changed every fortnight. In addition, the government encourages poster artists with an annual competition.

Of last year's prizewinners, two show imaginative extremes of Swiss poster art. Herbert Leupin happily dabbles in a peasant palette of rich, bright colors, applies them with gaiety and wit; his poster for Eptinger mineral water is as bubbly as the drink itself. Prizewinner Hans Erni specializes in such unexpected stunts as turning the reels of a film projector into owlsh eyes. Master of a flowing, Picasso-esque line, sober-sided Erni works by a simple dictum: "It's the idea that matters."



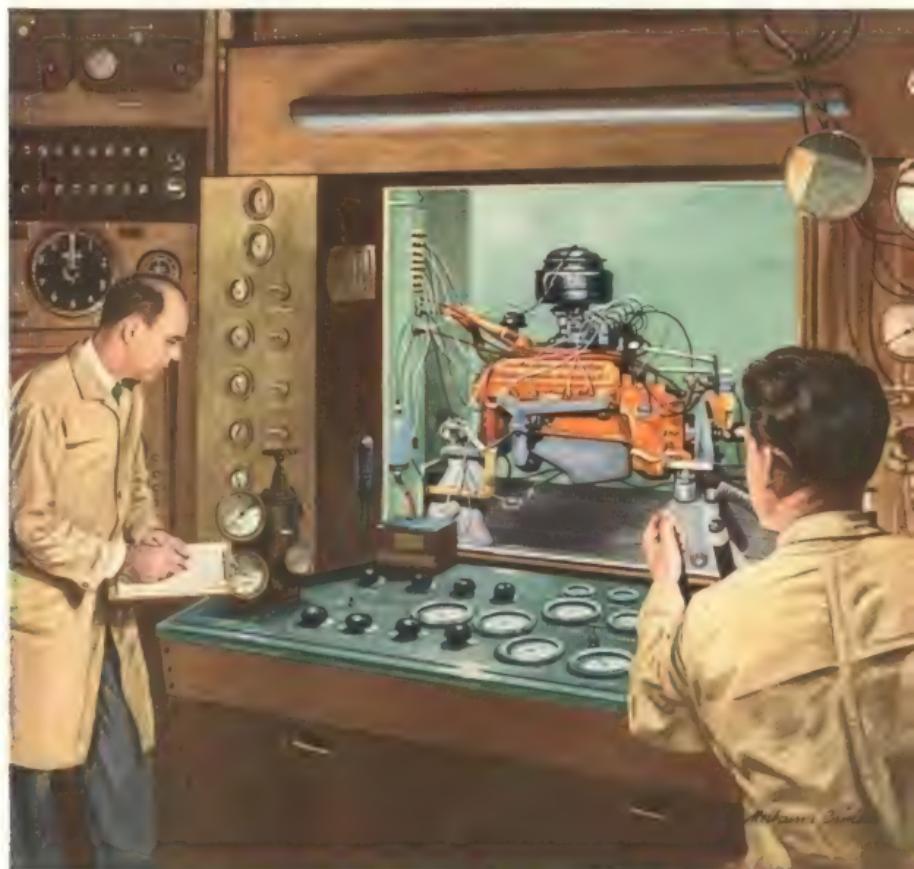
How two gallons came to

SPECTACULAR advances in automobile performance do not often come about overnight. Most result from years of patient research.

Typical is the long-continued engine-fuel efficiency study that now enables current General Motors cars to get as much as 50% more work out of a gallon of gasoline than their predecessors of twenty-five years ago.

For the basic assignment of GM research is to be dissatisfied with things as they are — to keep applying the latest knowledge of physics and chemistry — to keep examining metals, plastics, finishes, every material and method of possible future use in cars.

These research discoveries are the beginnings of better engineering and of better manufacturing.



do the work of three

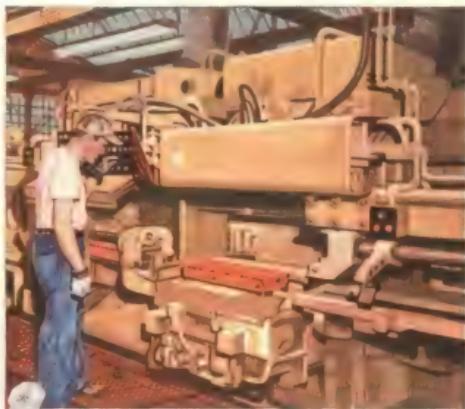
Out of their combined efforts come the steady year-by-year advances that add up to pace-making improvements in quality, performance and value in all General Motors cars—and to something more.

For these advances also help GM to do a better job supplying America's needs in times of crisis.



Key to better research

GETTING MORE OUT OF ENGINES AND FUELS — in studies like the one pictured of a laboratory engine—has always been one of the basic aims of GM research. It started 30 years ago with extensive experiments to eliminate "knock"—which led to the discovery of tetraethyl lead and paved the way for further improvements in fuels and engines. GM's continuing explorations of engine combustion brought about higher compression ratios—greater efficiency and fuel economy. Thanks to all this, and to related work by fuel companies—two gallons of gasoline now do as much work in 1951 GM cars as three did in 1926 models. Continuing research will bring the day when even better economy will be achieved.



Key to better manufacturing

THIS PUSH-BUTTON GIANT typifies the countless tools developed in GM's search for ways to build better, fuel-thrifter engines in quantity for cars, trucks, buses—and also for defense. With automatic ease and accuracy, it swiftly shaves cylinder heads to exact size—a job that used to take

over a dozen slow milling machines. Tools like this enable GM to do a precision job of engine-building on a mass scale—all with an eye toward the fuel economy and eager action that mean greater engine value in the automobiles and military vehicles that are built by General Motors.



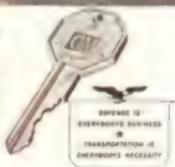
Key to better engineering

THE FIFTH WHEEL (above)—one of many devices used by GM engineers to check fuel economy and engine performance in 25,000-mile test drives at the famous GM Proving Ground. This wheel is precision-built and is practically frictionless. Geared to a generator, it enables engineers to gauge speed with extreme accuracy—and helps them measure fuel consumption with equal exactness. It is typical of the extra care taken by GM engineers in double-checking every detail—not only with cars, but also defense products.



YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE the Key to a General Motors Car

You get better engine performance and better gasoline mileage today whether you drive a Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick or Cadillac—for the initials GM on your key stand for greater value.

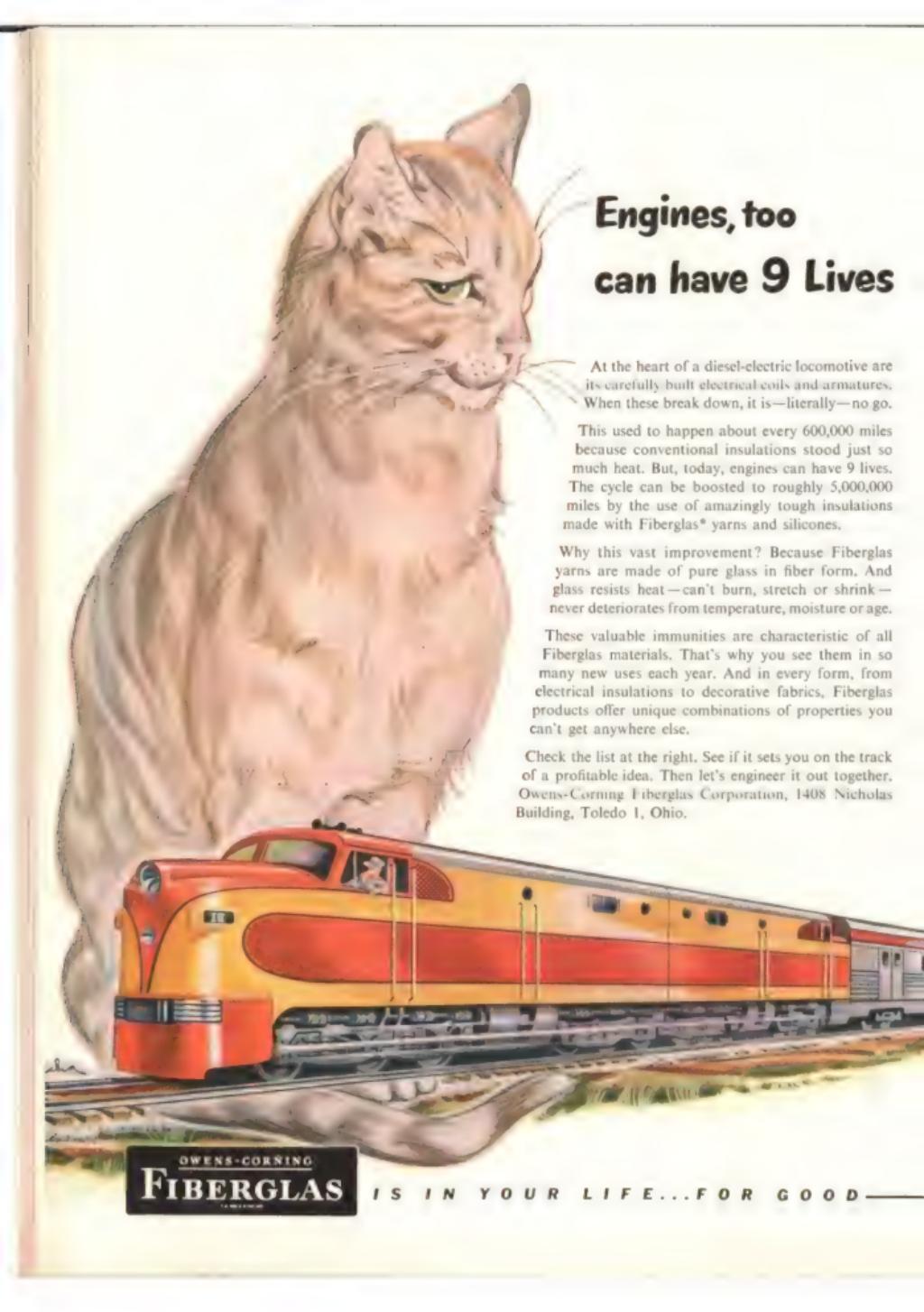


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BODY BY FISHER • GMC TRUCK & COACH

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.



Engines, too can have 9 Lives

At the heart of a diesel-electric locomotive are its carefully built electrical coils and armatures. When these break down, it is—literally—no go.

This used to happen about every 600,000 miles because conventional insulations stood just so much heat. But, today, engines can have 9 lives. The cycle can be boosted to roughly 5,000,000 miles by the use of amazingly tough insulations made with Fiberglas® yarns and silicones.

Why this vast improvement? Because Fiberglas yarns are made of pure glass in fiber form. And glass resists heat—can't burn, stretch or shrink—never deteriorates from temperature, moisture or age.

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NONCOMBUSTIBILITY

LIGHT WEIGHT

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RESILIENCY

IMPACT STRENGTH

TENSILE STRENGTH

EASE OF APPLICATION



*FIBERGLAS is the trade-mark (Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.) of Owens-Corning Fiber-glass Corporation for a variety of products made of or with fibers of glass.

Coast to Coast

Last week workmen were tightening bolts on the last of 107 steel and concrete towers, spaced approximately 30 miles apart, that will carry television from coast to coast. Started three years ago by American Telephone & Telegraph, the \$40 million New York-to-San Francisco microwave relay project* will be fully completed next month—just in time to carry this year's World Series games to the biggest audience in baseball's history.

Overcrowded Air

Commercial broadcasters are not the only ones scrambling for a place on the nation's air waves. In ten years, the armed forces, airways traffic control and such interlopers as the two-way radio of the U.S. Secret Service and Internal Revenue agents have more than doubled the use of Government frequencies. Last week, President Truman asked a 60-year-old electronics engineer named Haraden Pratt to become his telecommunications adviser, charged with the task of untangling the nation's air net. After resigning as vice president of the American Cable & Radio Corp., Engineer Pratt will devote his full time to such problems as Government frequency allocations, international radio agreements, and planning for the day when, in case of a national emergency, the Government may have to take over all U.S. telecommunications.

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Aug. 10. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Elmer Davis (Fri. 7:15 p.m., ABC). Reporting from Paris.

Mountain Dance & Folk Festival (Sat. 2:30 p.m., ABC). Twenty-fourth annual hoedown, from Asheville, N.C.

Screen Directors' Playhouse (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir*, with Charles Boyer, Jane Wyatt.

TELEVISION

Hollywood Opening Night (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). *Autumn Flame*, with Onslow Stevens, Maria Palmer.

What's My Line? (Sun. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Topflight quiz show, with a talented panel guessing the occupations of strangely assorted guests.

Westinghouse Summer Theater (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Maria Riva in *The Rabbit*.

Heritage (Wed. 8 p.m., NBC). Music and art from the National Gallery in Washington.

* Not to be confused with TV's coaxial cables. Throughout most of the East and Middle West, both microwave relays and coaxial (underground) cables are used for network TV transmission. A coast-to-coast coaxial cable was completed in 1947 but carries only telephone calls and has never been supplied in the West with the expensive terminals and other equipment necessary for TV.

MATERIAL HANDLING News

Read 'em and REAP

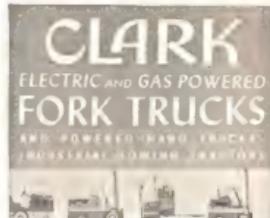
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MUSIC

Twilight of the Gods

Brünnhilde and Wotan without their winged helmets? Siegfried's funeral pyre just a dainty red glow offstage—plus a couple of puffs of smoke from the wings? Oldtimers at Bayreuth paled with shock last week as they watched Richard Wagner's grandsons streamlining grandfather.

Aim of all the innovations: 1) to ditch realism for abstraction in the sets, 2) make the stern old gods of Valhalla look less like period pieces. Designer Wieland Wagner's argument: the world has changed and so must the cult of Wagner.

Shock After Shock. Bayreuth got its first jolt—though, as matters turned out, a relatively mild one—with the new *Parzifal*. Gone were the traditional leafy gardens and churchly interiors of the past.



Eduard Renné

VARNAY AS BRÜNNHILDE
The world of Wagner has also changed.

Watch the "Birdies"...

for you'll be scoring them once you tee off on one of The Greenbrier's three championship golf courses. For each is a golfer's paradise from tee to green. And what's more, you'll play better because you'll feel better—the exhilarating Greenbrier climate plus the wonder-working baths of Greenbrier's world-famous Spa will put zing in your swing and glide in your stride. Of course there's tennis and riding, and you may swim in a sun-splashed, glass-enclosed pool. And the nights are filled with music and gaiety as you dance to the smooth rhythms of a Meyer Davis orchestra!

So for birdies and pars and invigorating baths at the Spa, plan now for a vacation at The Greenbrier. Rates from \$19.00 per day, per person, including The Greenbrier's incomparable meals.

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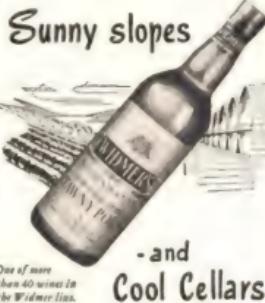


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WIDMER'S
NEW YORK STATE WINES

Wieland's garden was scant and ghostly, was seen only through a veil. He marched his knights of the Grail in from the depths of the huge (200 ft.) stage in near darkness. But even traditionalists had to admit that the result of it all was a *Parzifal* of strong simplicity, rich with the mystery of its Grail theme. Conductor Hans Knappertsbusch and the orchestra gave a faultless musical performance, and young (30) U.S. Bass-Baritone George London sang a magnificent Amfortas. Glowed Wagner Biographer Ernest Newman, 82, critic of the London *Sunday Times* and a Bayreuth regular for half a century: "The most beautiful *Parzifal* I have ever seen. I will never go to Covent Garden for it again. I will only see it here."

The real jolt came with the *Ring* cycle. When Wotan appeared on another dimmed-down stage in *Das Rheingold*, the murmur went up: "He has no helmet!" Muttered one oldtimer: "The stage is so

dark I can't even see if he has a beard." (He had.) Shock followed shock. Wieland stripped his stages bare, cut down on all warlike gear save for a few essential spears. Siegfried's funeral pyre was left to the imagination. In *Götterdämmering*, nobody got to see Valhalla burn: there was only a red glow in the sky, no sign of a cloud-borne castle.

There were compensations. The Metropolitan's Soprano Astrid Varnay sang such a sumptuous Brünnhilde that she made up for her missing helmet. In *Siegfried*, the dragon Fafner, an immense 30-ft. creation, emerged from a gaping cave in front-center (instead of from a miserable little hole to one side, as at the conventional Met). Fafner was so terrible in his oversize plungings and snortings that, probably for the first time in history, Siegfried seemed really brave to tackle him.

Kindly Light, Wieland is sure he is on the right track. He keeps the lighting dim partly to avoid any need for elaborate sets, partly out of respect for Richard Wagner's scores. "Grandfather did not want characters clearly seen because it would detract from concentration on the music." He believes that fussy old sets and sticky pathos make grandfather ridiculous to too many mid-century men. "We must go forward."

But other good Wagnerites still felt cheated, longing for a few more props and a lot more light. Their complaint: they had to spend so much energy searching for characters in the gloom that they could hardly concentrate on the music at all.

In "going forward," Wieland seemed to have left a good chunk of the traditional Wagner audience behind.

Tin Pan Valley

"Stand by. Nashville 1283—Take One." said the man in the control room.

A young man in slacks and sport shirt planted his stocking feet beside the microphone, began bleating plaintively, picking a lackadaisical guitar. At his back were five other musicians—pianist, bass fiddler and three more guitarists—all working without written music. Sang the fellow in stocking feet:

*I knew my lonely heart was blue,
I knew that it was yearning for a smile;
But how was I to know that one from
you
Would start my lonely heart to run-
ning wild?*

"That's good," said the man in the control room as the music plunked to a finish. "What'll we call it?"

Said the singer: "Call it *My Lonely Heart Is Running Wild*. Plain *Lonely Heart* sounds awfully weak."

Thus in Nashville, the Broadway of "country" music, another hillbilly tune was sent on its way last week. The singer, Tennessee-bred Carl Smith, 24, Columbia's latest country star, was cutting a few sides to follow up the three (*Let's Live a Little, Mr. Moon, If Teardrops Were*

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PUMP ONCE OR TWICE



REMOVE LIGHTED CIGARETTE AND ENJOY
YOUR SMOKE IN SAFETY

Pennies) which now rate him high on the nation's folk and western bestseller lists.

More Nickels. On the heels of Nashville 1283 came Nashville 1284. The arrangement took three minutes, 25 seconds—a bit too long ("The jukebox operators like them short—they get more nickels that way"). So the recorders dropped one verse, picked the off-the-cuff title *Let Old Mother Nature Have Her Way*. Then they casually continued their session.

Casual is the word for Nashville's principal contribution to contemporary U.S. culture. Ever since 1925, when *Grand Ole Opry* got started, young men with guitars have been lounging into town to seek their fortunes on the sprawling, leisurely 43-hour broadcast of mountain and prairie specialties. Among those who found fame *Opry* Alumnae Eddy Arnold, Ernest Tubb, Red Foley and Roy Acuff, all of whom



HILLBILLY SMITH

"That's good. What'll we call it?"

now boast six-figure annual incomes. Cited publishers and record companies—realizing that in the wide-open spaces of the U.S. a good barnyard ballad can outsell a bistro blues every time—have been making tracks to the source.

More Dollars. Nashville is neither much surprised nor much disturbed. The Tennesseans have welcomed such pop singers as Margaret Whiting, Evelyn Knight and the Andrews Sisters, who have hurried on down to the folk-singing capital to ply their trade. Nashville even furnishes the visitors local side men to give their Tin Pan Alley products the authentic Nashville flavor. Meanwhile, the local boys keep right on plugging their own songs and singers.

Nashville's plugging has so far raised Smith's income to nearly \$1,500 a week, promises to push it even higher. Says WSM Program Director Jack Stapp, the Rudolf Bing of *Grand Ole Opry*: "He's going like wildfire." Says Smith in his soft Tennessee drawl: "I'm very well pleased."

No matter how you look at it— it takes a lot of coal!



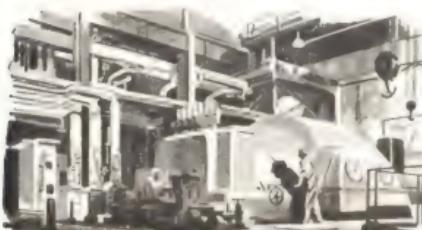
Almost everything America builds—wears—eats—produces—is made from coal or with power furnished by coal . . . coal used by America's steel mills—its railroads—its public utilities—its factories. And don't forget all the coal used for home heating!



More than 14 million American homes use coal for heat and rely on the steady, healthful comfort that only coal can provide. More than 120 million tons of coal are delivered by retail coal merchants every year for home heating and for schools, hospitals, churches, small industrial plants and other community uses.



Today—in addition to all the coal for everyday use—more and still more coal is needed for defense. For example, this "Walker Bulldog," latest U. S. tank, carries 76 mm. guns, goes 40 m.p.h.—takes 50 tons of coal to make! Will America get all the coal it needs for an economy which has to produce as never before? The answer is yes!



Today, coal when used with modern equipment is the most economical source of heat and power. Automatic controls and handling machinery have reduced operating costs all along the line. And, one ton of coal, used under this more efficient modern boiler, yields as much energy as that produced by three tons—a few years ago!

The most productive—the most efficient—coal mines in the world are the direct result of the free competition that accompanies private ownership. The progressive American coal companies are constantly striving for new and better ways of coal production—to cut costs and deliver a better product.

That's why the managers of this country's 8,000 mines have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in research, in modern mining machinery, in giant preparation plants and in opening new mines to replace "mined-out" or unproductive properties. That's why this country's privately-managed coal companies have an output that no government owned or dominated coal industry—anywhere—can begin to match!

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SCIENCE

Deus ex Laboratorio

Do scientists believe in God? Most of them do, concludes Reporter Howard Whitman after a cross-country tour of the nation's laboratories.

There are skeptics, of course, Whitman concedes in an article in the current issue of *Collier's*. But the majority of scientists, like Newton, consider themselves children playing on the seashore while the ocean of truth lies undiscovered in the distance. "What we know is just the tiniest fragment," said a Wayne University professor of physics. "For the whole, we depend upon faith." Even the "law of chance" presupposes a law, argued an anthropologist. "Whose law? For me, I prefer the belief in a creator, divine, supernatural. I cannot accept chaos."

At Brookhaven National Laboratory an engineer was sure that he could account for God scientifically. "Up in the pile we see mass disappearing and becoming energy, but nowhere can we add to or subtract from the total of mass and energy. Where did mass and energy come from? . . . We have found laws to prove we can't make it. Yet it must come from somewhere. There must be a Higher Power who can make it."

The older scientists, reported Whitman, have the deepest spiritual awareness. "Most of them had gone through the phase of agnosticism. They had moved on." Said one elderly geneticist: "When we think we know a lot, we're agnostic. When we learn how insignificant our knowledge is—we return to God." It is the cocksure youngster in the laboratory, Whitman found, who says, "How wonderful I am! Look what I've found in the atom!" The old man says, "Isn't God wonderful—look what He's put in the atom!"

Poisoners Beware

Ever since January, the Paris police have felt sure that mousy Dr. Jean Duflos is an unimaginative, old-fashioned poisoner and that he killed his wife with arsenic. They arrested him on the way to her funeral, but for a clear-cut case, they needed to know exactly when the poison was given—the one thing their toxicologists couldn't tell them. The body, which tries hard to protect itself from arsenic, stores it away in the skin, fingernails and hair. But even after examining hundreds of samples of such clues, toxicologists can seldom do more than report approximately when the poison dose was given.

In France, where arsenic has been a popular eliminator since the days of the famed Marquise de Brinvilliers,* this lack of precision troubled Henri Griffon, toxicology specialist for the Paris prefecture of police. He discussed the problem with his old friend, Captain Jean Barbaud, physicist and fellow graduate of the Val de Grace military hospital. Together they worked out an answer. They brought the hair from a known arsenic victim to "Zoé," the atomic pile at Châtillon. For eight days they bombarded the hair in the pile's neutron flux. Then, when the elements it contained were thoroughly radioactive, they shielded the hair with lead, exposed it, one millimeter at a time, to a Geiger counter. The rate of growth of human hair is about one-half inch a month, so when the scientists came to a place that emitted rays from more arsenic than any healthy citizen ought to have in his

* Who in the 1670s poisoned her father and two brothers for the family fortune. Even though she was tortured, beheaded and cremated, her methods inspired so many imitators that 17th Century alchemists were soon earning their main income from selling "powders of succession."



BIRTH OF A FLAME

Photographed at split-second intervals, these pictures show some of the fast-moving shapes that form and change after an electric spark touches off a stream of hydrogen and air. Arcing between two trimmed-down pinpoints (left), the spark throws the circular shadow of its own shock wave on the photographic plate. Only 457-millionths of a second later (center), the flame has broken away into the rising gas stream. Less than two-thousandths of a second after its birth (right), it has reached full growth. Recorded for the Navy by scientists at Johns Hopkins University, these pictures should help clear up mysteries that still surround the roaring combustion chambers of rocket motors and jet engines.



Culver
THE MARQUISE DE BRINVILLIERS
"Zoé" could trap her successors.

system, they were able to pinpoint the time when the victim had been poisoned.

Last April, Griffon and Barbaud announced their strange new use for atomic energy. But not until last week did they have the satisfaction of seeing the method used in a criminal investigation. A strand of Mme. Duflos' hair was irradiated in Zoé. Later, in the secrecy of the judge's chambers, Toxicologist Griffon reported the results of the test, named the date when unfortunate Mme. Duflos first swallowed a dose of arsenic.

This week, while suspect Duflos remained in jail, the judge set off on a month's vacation before deciding whether or not to order murder trial. The hair from Mme. Duflos' head, safely locked away in Griffon's safe, will be waiting. "If there is any dispute," says Griffon proudly, "we can radioactivate the hair again. The evidence is permanent."

Electron Astronomy

The huge, complex telescopes of modern astronomy have a simple purpose: to concentrate light. Their mirrors (up to 200 inches in diameter) and lenses catch a wide bundle of light rays from faint stars or nebulas and cram them together at a small focus on a sensitized plate. Last week two French astronomers, André Lallemand and Maurice Duchesne, were showing off a new wrinkle in astro-photography. Instead of depending on the original starlight to make the photographic impression, they plan to amplify the light's energy before it reaches the plate.

The image of the object to be photographed is first focused on a glass plate covered with an antimony and cesium compound, which gives off electrons when struck by light. At every point in the image electrons are knocked loose. Off to a slow start, they are whisked away at tremendous speeds by a powerful electric field. Then they are focused by a magnetic



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Daddy, what's a "son an' air"?



"Trying to explain to Johnny, I began to wonder myself. What am I passing on to this son of mine—this kid with his dog and his questions and his endless vitality?"

"Of course, Jane and I are trying to give him a good home—good schooling—all the preparation we can for a successful future. But I can't make him heir to a fortune!"

"So I've tried to do the next best thing by starting a life insurance program for him early. At his young age he qualifies for a premium rate that will always remain low. I'll pay the premiums until he's able to take over himself. When

that time comes, his life insurance will have a cash value that may come in mighty handy for him."

"Yes, by starting his life insurance now, I'm helping him create something that will become more and more valuable to him."

* * *

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lens (as in an electron microscope) to form a new image on a photographic plate. The speeded-up electrons have taken energy from the electric field and form an image about 100 times stronger than the original light-image.

So far, the new method has been tried only in the laboratory. Among their test shots, the inventors have two pictures of a glowing filament covered by a dense filter that made it invisible to the naked eye. One picture, taken directly on a photographic plate, showed only a dim trace of the filament after a six-hour exposure. The other, taken with speeded-up electrons, showed the whole filament clearly after only four minutes.

Next month the new method will be tried astronomically; its inventors hope that it will transform the biggest telescope of the Paris Observatory (24 inches) into the equivalent of a 240-incher, and make it possible to photograph billions of faint stars never detected before.

Mosquito Killer

As a Los Angeles ratcatcher, W. Earl Ducleus was a champion. He still claims the alltime record for rats trapped there in one day (1,072 in 1924). Now he is a mosquito slayer, and his exploits are fully as impressive. More than any other man, he is responsible for keeping sprawling Los Angeles comparatively free of the little bloodsuckers.

As field supervisor of mosquito control for the city health department, Pest-Hunter Ducleus uses modern methods. All through the summer mosquito hunting season he and his men spray DDT into swamps, tidal flats, ponds and irrigation ditches. But Ducleus says he owes much of his success to the voracious appetite of a small (2-in.) fish called *Gambusia affinis*. This olive-colored, viviparous cousin of the guppy thrives in the stagnant waters where mosquitoes breed, lives to a ripe old age of two or three years, and never loses its taste for wriggling insect larvae. In its prime, *Gambusia affinis* can polish off 100 incipient mosquitoes a day.

Ducleus brought his first *Gambusia* from Bakersfield to Los Angeles six years ago, has bred them ever since in reservoir debris-basins, ponds and pools scattered throughout the city. Now anyone with mosquito trouble can pick up a free supply of the fast-multiplying little fish.

When Ducleus and his men find a mosquito breeding ground, the health department notifies the property owner that he must clear up the nuisance. The department suggests ways & means: spraying with chemicals, draining the offending water, or accepting a gift of the little fish. Today most people take the fish.

Last week Ducleus reported that in the past three months he and his men have distributed 49,559 *Gambusia* to housewives, ranchers, and swimming-pool owners. They themselves have planted 45,100 in rivers, streams and swamps. While Ducleus and his hungry minnows stand guard, Angelenos will never have to spend the long, warm evenings slapping themselves silly.

What! Only black bread?

"Nice thing to serve a guy after a hard day's work!"

"Why . . . that's the kind of food they eat on the other side of the iron curtain.

"Then I caught on to why Mabel did it. I'd complained we'd had baked ham twice that week. So this black bread business was her way of teaching me a lesson in thankfulness. And I admit I needed it.

"Here I am living in a democratic America. And we've got plenty else besides good food to be thankful for. We've got Freedom . . . and that's the tastiest dish any people could ask for!

"Freedom of worship . . . that's important. So's free speech. So's the secret ballot. What's more, we can travel wherever we please, own a house or a farm or a business or get a job like I have with Republic, turning out the steel this country needs. We can put our hard-earned bucks into a bank account, stocks and bonds, or a weekend fishing trip. Freedoms like these are all old stuff to us.

"Trouble with us is we take it for granted that we'll always have these Freedoms. But, come to think of it, many of those oppressed people used to have Freedoms, too. They got careless, though, and let a lot of power-hungry dictators 'plan' their Freedom right out from under their noses.

"Like Mabel was hinting at, I guess it's smart to be thankful for what we have . . . and to take a more healthy interest in which way we're heading.

"By the way . . . did you ever eat a meal of just dry, hard black bread? Ugh!"

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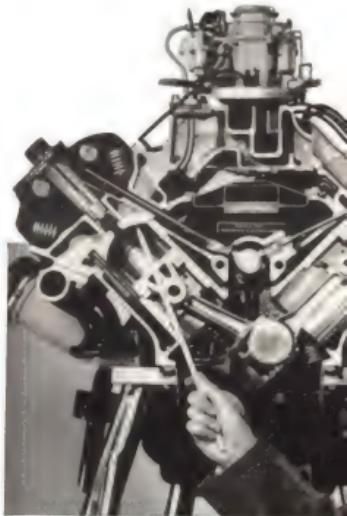
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HOW CHRYSLER CORPORATION



▲ "GETAWAY" TEST. Charles Kerlee snaps engineers as they check "breakaway" response of new high-compression engines. When that Plymouth Cranbrook starts forward, the tape records electronically how far the car moves in each 1/30th of a second. Tests like this lead to superior performance in all Chrysler-made engines, from the great new Chrysler 180-hp. FirePower to the 97-hp. Plymouth engine, with high 7.0 to 1 compression ratio.



▲ NEW ENGINE MAKES HISTORY. Cutaway view of the greatest engine development in 27 years—the new 180-hp. FirePower, introduced on Chrysler's New Yorkers and Imperials. It is the most powerful and efficient production car engine in America—another proof that "you get the good new things in Chrysler-built cars." FirePower, like every engine Chrysler Corporation builds, runs brilliantly on regular gasoline. In Kerlee's photograph, development engineer Philip M. Rothwell points to one secret of FirePower performance—a dome-shaped combustion chamber that squeezes more power from gasoline.

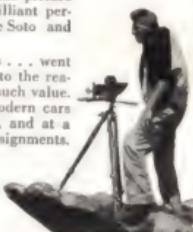
FirePower has what engineers call a high Mechanical Octane Rating advantage. It marks a new high point in engine research and development which began with the first Chrysler high-compression engine back in 1924. Other recent engine advances are ready in today's Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

DEVELOPED MORE EFFICIENT CAR ENGINES

The engineering story behind
high-compression power plants that squeeze
more power and performance from fuel

Charles Kerlee, who gained fame as an official U. S. Navy photographer in World War II, brings you this picture story of great new engines that give such brilliant performance in the new Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

Kerlee visited laboratories and test garages . . . went into the desert with test drivers . . . to dig into the reasons why Chrysler-built engines offer you so much value. The result is an inside look at a maker of modern cars on which so much of American life depends, and at a company that is filling important defense assignments.



NINE GAS TANKS! Kerlee pictured laboratory technician Mark Eaton (right) during a unique test that shows how to make engines use fuel more efficiently. Each of the nine gas tanks in that De Soto feeds gasoline to the engine at certain speeds, while electronic machines record the amount used. This helps engineers improve carburetors to give efficient, economical performance at speeds most people drive.



NEVER A STALL. A New Jersey summer storm provided an extreme test of that Dodge's splash-proof ignition system — with Kerlee on hand to picture it. The engine kept purring without a miss . . . will start promptly even after long parking in rain and dampness. All Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars have special electrical systems, armored against moisture, splashing and bad weather.



DEFYING THE DESERT. Deep in the Mojave Desert of California (temperature 115), these test cars travel at punishing high speeds, to make sure Chrysler-built engines will give superior performance under the worst conditions. Later, the cars undergo 35 below zero temperatures in Minnesota . . . climb Colorado mountains to prove their power. Laboratory endurance tests put engines through grueling non-stop runs equaling 100,000 high-speed miles.

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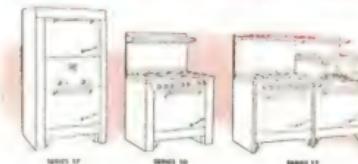
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THE PRESS

Hoosier Bargain

Charlotte's *Observer*, the biggest (circ. 138,183) daily in the Carolinas, is a newspaper nugget of gold that seldom glitters. Its news pages are a typographical mishmash, its editorial voice a whisper. Yet because in its leisurely stride it picks up every crumb of news in its territory, the 82-year-old *Observer* is one of the biggest profitmakers of its size in the U.S.

Since its longtime publisher, Curtis Johnson, died last October, the rich daily has been run by an editorial board, overseen by banks, has had no top boss. Last week it got one. In as publisher and part owner stepped Hoosier-born Ralph Nicholson, 52, who has made a reputation for picking up bargains on a shoestring. In



Clarke Frasier

PUBLISHER NICHOLSON
New brass for a gold mine.

eight years, he built the rundown New Orleans *Item* into a moneymaker before selling it, in 1949, at a \$600,000 profit. He bought an interest in the Tampa *Times* and its radio station, which two weeks ago he sold for \$825,000 (he still controls Florida's St. Petersburg *Independent*).

In moving into the *Observer*, Nicholson made even a shrewder deal, took over operating control without having to buy the paper. The owners agreed to 1) make him undisputed boss, 2) pay him \$50,000 a year, 3) sell him 5% to 10% of the paper's stock at a "fair" price. The deal was sealed so secretly that not even *Observer* editors knew it until they were handed the story to run. If they had any Tarheel resentment at an outlander moving in, they covered it with Southern tactfulness: "Mr. Nicholson," said the *Observer* story, "was born in Richmond, Ind. [where] his ancestors migrated from North Carolina during the early part of the last century."

Singapore Sling

On arriving in Singapore last week on his Pacific tour, New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey had a complaint to make. In a speech before the bigwig Commonwealth Parliamentary Association, Dewey fished out a clipping from the English-language *Singapore Straits-Times*. Its front page carried a bannerline story and a four-column photo of the Cicero, Ill. riots (*TIME*, July 23). Complained Dewey: "I am shocked to find that an incident of racial prejudice involving a few hundred people out of a nation of 150 million people is front-page news in Singapore . . ."

Governor Dewey's criticism was blacked out by Singapore's press. Both the *Straits-Times* and the *Standard* (also English-language) ignored it. The red-faced editors of both explained that, because the press had not been invited to the dinner, they had jointly agreed not to print the speech, did not learn until later that it criticized them. To make amends, they offered to print Dewey's remarks if he would make them as an "interview." Refusing, Dewey said: "I'm sorry I was caught in your local quarrel."

Raymond of the *Times*

In an unfinished Manhattan brownstone building, one September night in 1851, a slight, intent man of 31 sat writing swiftly by candlelight. His name was Henry Jarvis Raymond, and he was rushing to put out the first edition of a new daily newspaper. The news was thin: President Fillmore was touring New England. Jenny Lind was to sing in Rochester; elections were coming up in France. But when Raymond's four-page, 1¢ daily appeared next morning, it opened a new chapter in the history of U.S. journalism. That day the *New York Times* was born.

In the first century of the good grey *Times*, Founder Raymond's fame was overshadowed by that of the *Times'* latter-day owner, Adolph Ochs.⁶ Even to most *Timesmen*, Raymond was only a portrait peering down from a tenth-floor wall. But to one *Times* editor, with a special bent for history, Founder Raymond's portrait was an invitation to reverie. Francis Brown began spending his spare time trying to flesh out Editor Raymond's bones. Next week, after many a year of odd-moment research, Author Brown, now editor of the *Times* Sunday Book Review, brings Raymond to life in a biography (*Raymond of the Times*, Norton; \$5). From it emerges clearly the fact that if the *Times* has grown great for its devotion to printing all the news, and printing it straight, it was Henry Raymond who laid down the first principles by which it still lives. His original prospectus drew the pattern: "The *Times* will seek to be conservative in such a way as shall best promote useful reform . . . It will

* Who bought into the paper in 1866 after it had passed through two previous ownerships.



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Connolly makes 82 stock styles, many of them in a full range of sizes from 3½ to 13, widths AAA to EEE. Most styles price retail from \$12.95 to \$19.95. Write for our free style booklet, and the name of the Connolly store nearest you.

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best promote useful reform . . . to substitute reason for prejudice, a cool and intelligent judgment for passion, in all . . . discussions of public affairs."

Shorthand & Daniel Webster. Raymond, a crack editor, was also a crack reporter. Born in upstate New York, he learned his newspapering under the great, grumpy Horace Greeley. On Greeley's *Tribune*, he devised his own shorthand system for swift, accurate note taking, sharpened his news nose on scoops. He beat James Gordon Bennett's *Herald* on a Boston speech by Daniel Webster (he took printers and type with him, had his story set on the boat back to New York).

Soon Greeley was calling him "the best reporter in the state." But when the *Tribune* refused to raise his \$20-a-week salary, Raymond moved over to the *Courier & Enquirer* as an editor—for \$5 more. There he helped found the Associated Press (by



EDITOR RAYMOND
From him, first principles.

negotiating for telegraph wires to carry the news), developed a deft knack for winning the confidence of notables. Webster remembered the accuracy of his reporting so well that, when Raymond was delayed on his way to Washington by a train wreck, old Daniel postponed a speech for Raymond to cover it. Raymond was too antislavery for the *Courier & Enquirer*. Besides, he itched to start his own sheet.

Ink & Blood. With George Jones, also a former *Tribune* man, Raymond raised \$40,000 to launch the daily *Times*. He drove his staff hard, drove himself harder. A good editor, said Raymond, needed "a constitution like the Wandering Jew's, a patience as inexhaustible as his frame, and a physical endurance equal to that of a victim of the Inquisition." His own 5 ft. 6 frame was slight, but he often worked twelve and 15 hours at a stretch, could keep writing even while listening to unrelated problems. "Get all of the news," he demanded. Much of it he got himself. He

covered Napoleon III's war against Austria, and after the Civil War broke out, he turned up to cover the first Battle of Bull Run. Wrote Raymond of the Union retreat there: "The crowd in the rear became absolutely frenzied with fear, and an immense mass of wagons, horses, men on foot, and flying soldiers came dashing down the hill." But a censor held up his account so long that the *Herald* beat him on the streets.

He spared no expense to get the news. He spread *Timesmen* all over the Civil War fields. He paid Correspondent Ben C. Truman* an unheard-of \$100 weekly; Truman sped to the *Times* the news of a Union victory at Franklin, Tenn., four days before the War Department got it. (But the *Times* was scooped on the fall of Vicksburg because its dispatch bearer got drunk along the way.) So timely were *Times* reports that General McClellan accused Raymond of aiding the enemy. The little general demanded that the paper be suppressed because it printed a detailed map of the defenses around Washington. Snapped Raymond: a similar map could be bought in any Washington bookstore. Nobody could intimidate Raymond. In the Draft Riots of '63, when surly crowds menaced the *Times* building, he manned a Gatling gun himself.

Raymond's all-the-news formula worked. By 1865, the *Times*' circulation went up to 75,000; in income, it was second only to the *Herald*. Raymond also prospered; he dined in the walnut-paneled Union Club. Politically, he was neither as "infernal Tory" as Greeley (now his archfoe) claimed, nor the "doughty little bluestocking" the *Herald* called him. He steered a middle course, insisted that both radicalism and conservatism were necessary for balance.

Defeat & Death. While his paper prospered, his own political star rose. He served as a state assemblyman and lieutenant governor, helped start the Republican Party by writing one of its first statements of principles. Lincoln came to rely on him so much that Raymond managed his 1864 re-election campaign. Lincoln called him "my lieutenant general," and backed Raymond's own successful campaign for Congress.

There, after Lincoln's death, Raymond supported Andrew Johnson's benevolent policy for reconstructing the conquered South. For his pains, when Johnson nominated him minister to Austria, the Senate refused to confirm him. Soon afterward, Raymond's health began to fail. He still had enough fight to begin the *Times*' crusade which eventually smoked out the plundering Tweed Ring. But one June night in 1869, Henry Raymond went out for the evening, was brought home unconscious from a stroke. The next day, at 49, he died. Manhattan flags flew at half-staff. Horace Greeley, once his friend, put aside their later enmity to help carry him to his grave. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher spoke his eulogy: "A man without hate . . . without animosity."

* No kin to the President.



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M E D I C I N E

Eating Well with an Ulcer

Harold Ross, editor of *The New Yorker*, knows about peptic ulcers; he has had several himself.

His first doctors gave him plenty of advice about what not to eat, too little about what he should eat. This led to a sorry circle: "Eating became a worry, and worry generates hydrochloric acid, and hydrochloric acid induces ulcers." After his "third or fourth ulcer," he took dinner with Dr. Sara Jordan of Boston's Lahey Clinic, picked a fruit compote for dessert, Dr. Jordan suggested *meringue glaceé*.

Ross was shocked. "*Meringue glaceé* has as French name, which is bad, and it is an ornamental concoction, which is bad. It sounds and looks evil." But it went down so satisfactorily that Ross got an idea: Dr. Jordan ought to collaborate on a cookbook for ulcer victims. The result, published this week: *Good Food for Bad Stomachs* (Doubleday; \$2.95), by Dr. Jordan and Recipe-Maker Sheila Hibben, with a laudatory foreword by Ross himself.

For patients whose ulcers are still active, there are such conventional horrors as poached eggs and milk toast. But for quiescent ulcers, there is a wide range from broiled beefsteak, boiled lobster, venison and wild duck to cheesecake and pumpkin pie. Still on the forbidden list (along with strong drinks): pork, nuts, baked beans, clams, corn, cabbage, tomatoes, radishes and cucumbers.

The Trained Diaphragm

The old man who collapsed in downtown Reno's 100° heat told the Red Cross a wonderful story: he was Lieut. John Boyer, a Union veteran of the Civil War; he was hiking in search of a great-great-grandson, and he was 104 years old. He looked it, with his snowy beard, sparrowy build and parchment skin. The Red Cross rushed him to Washoe Medical Center, where doctors went to work, nurses stood over him day & night, and the Ladies' Auxiliary of the G.A.R. sent bushels of flowers. Reporters filed tender pieces. That was "Lieut. Boyer's" undoing.

To the Veterans Administration in Washington, the story had a familiar ring. A quick check showed no John Boyer among the thinning ranks of the G.A.R. (now down to seven members), revealed instead that the patient was really a famous old fraud. He was Walter Engle Urwiler, no centenarian but a mere 69, who has been pulling similar tricks at dozens of hospitals for 15 years. Urwiler uses a host of aliases, blames his "illness" variously on the exhaustions of deep-sea diving, treasure hunting, trapping in the Rockies and bandit chasing in Texas. He has also piled up a cross-country record of arrests, mostly for vagrancy and gyping the V.A. He is a veteran of no war; his Army record: two peacetime enlistments, two desertions.

When this word reached the hospital last week, Urwiler's heart stopped fluttering. He promptly got up, dressed and dis-

charged himself from the hospital in a huff.

Eight hours later, "Robert Larson," a 104-year-old veteran of the Civil War, was picked up, almost dead of a heart attack, in the streets of Susanville, Calif., 90 miles north of Reno. In a Susanville hospital, "Larson" got four days' care before he was recognized. Told that the jig was up, Urwiler packed his ancient bag and hit the road. Said he: "There's been too much newspaper talk."

Few medical fakers have made the A.M.A. *Journal* as often as Urwiler. Besides a galloping case of the "Munchausen



Associated Press

WALTER URWILER
Munchausen with a flutter.

syndrome" (TIME, March 5), which makes hospital care irresistibly attractive to him, he has a rare ability: he can control his phrenic nerve so that his diaphragm flutters. This, along with loud complaints of chest pains, helps him fool the doctors. When Old Man Urwiler gets tired of hitch-hiking in California's summer heat, his trick diaphragm is usually good for a comfortable bed and kind attention.

Two Hearts, One Blood

When an engineer finds something wrong with a pump or a filter, he can order a new one. Doctors dealing with the human blood system cannot. This week researchers at the University of California announced that they have found a new way of getting around the difficulty: they have linked two people together, through their arteries, so that both have a common circulation like Siamese twins.

In earlier attempts to do this, doctors relied on mechanical pumps to boost the blood on its way. At California's medical school, blood pulsing down each man's main thigh artery is shunted into the corresponding artery of the other. The blood from the partner is then led back to the



maybe HE could do it—without trucks...

You've heard the tales they tell up in the lumber camps of a man so big he picked his teeth with pine trees. A man so colossal his footprints created the northwoods lakes . . . a man named Paul Bunyan. He, of course, could handle logs like matchsticks. But for practical purposes Paul Bunyan had one serious weakness—he never existed.

Real men move timber today in quantities that would have astonished even Paul Bunyan, and they do the job quickly, dependably and at low cost by motor truck. Nowhere is the importance of America's most useful tool more vividly illustrated than in

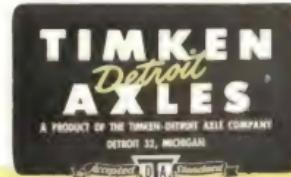
the lumbering industry, where trucks follow the job through from the standing tree to your very doorstep.

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same thigh, lower down, to form a complete circuit.

The California researchers developed the method to prove their theory that leukemia is not so much the result of a wild growth of new white blood cells as of a failure of the lungs to destroy the old ones (TIME, Feb. 5). They tried it only on pairs of volunteers hopelessly ill, e.g., one of leukemia, the other of tissue cancer.*

None of the leukemia patients improved for more than a little while: they could not be linked with their partners indefinitely. But in some tests, two blood streams were pooled for as long as 26 hours. Among possible future uses:

¶ In delicate heart operations, where the patient's heart might be bypassed and his blood-pumping taken over entirely by a partner.

¶ In cases of kidney and liver damage, where the injured organ might be spared part of its burden for brief, restorative rest.

¶ In radiation sickness, since experiments have already shown that animals given lethal doses of radiation can recover if blood-linked with normal animals.

Fever Every Wednesday?

If a man complains of a headache every Monday morning, it may just be hangover. If he gets fever or a bellyache every Wednesday, or at some other regular interval, he may be suffering from "periodic disease," an ailment which has doctors thoroughly baffled.

Professor Hobart A. Reimann of Philadelphia's Jefferson Medical College coined the name to cover a group of mysterious ailments which have been cropping up in medical records for almost 150 years. Victims may get fever (up to 104°), abdominal pains, swollen joints, purple spots and patches, swelling or hives. More men than women are afflicted.

In the hundreds of cases studied by Dr. Reimann, no guilty germ has been found. Allergies and hormone upsets have been accused, then cleared of blame. Dr. Reimann does not suggest that the psyche has anything to do with it, though heredity may. The disease often appears in infancy; in one family, 24 members of five generations have been affected. No treatment seems to check the disease. On the other hand, it is no killer: between bouts, patients are fit & well.

In most cases the illness recurs every seven days, or in multiples of seven. Some patients' cycles get longer or shorter over the years, and some never fit the weekly pattern.

Dr. Reimann does not pretend to know what causes periodic disease, but he believes it is a good thing to have the puzzling facts known: if periodic disease is recognized, victims may be spared useless operations (such as appendectomies) and tedious treatments to no purpose.

* The first volunteer ever to receive leukemia blood, a lifer in Sing Sing (later paroled) exchanged 18 pints in a series of transfusions with an eight-year-old girl (TIME, June 13, 1949), had no ill effects.

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Unchristian Church

Before the Lutheran Institute on Race Relations in Valparaiso, Ind., Professor Alvin William Rose of the North Carolina College for Negroes said last week: "The Christian Church is America's most segregated institution. More than 96% of American Negroes and whites worship in [separated] churches. It is tragic that of all our institutions, the Christian Church should be the most unchristian . . ."

The Priest & The Girl

"She was a wonderful kid," said Claire Young's father last week. With just a trace of his native brogue, Professor James Young of Chicago's Loyola University told how he used to take his only

Last January Claire headed for Italy. On her own savings from jobs, she had left home without a word. For six months she and Negrini lived together in a shabby one-room apartment near Milan which he shares with two elderly aunts, a cousin and several cats. But Claire found Italy "beautiful and peaceful"—until the American consulate demanded her passport to return her to the U.S. as a minor living abroad without her parents' consent. Claire refused, said she would renounce her American citizenship first, and got an Italian *soggiorno* (residence permit), which expired this week.

Last month Claire's mother turned up in Milan to get her daughter back. Mother, daughter and priest met in the office of Milan's deputy police commissioner.



Associated Press

CLAIRE YOUNG & FATHER NEGRINI
She never wanted to go to dances.

child to summer concerts in Grant Park. "She used to be happiest when she was listening to classical records and singing with them," he said. "She had girl friends, but wouldn't go out with boys. We would encourage her to go to dances, but she never wanted to."

Her singing teacher, 80-year-old Madame Antoinette Lebrun, remembered her as "so ladylike, so refined." But Mme. Lebrun thought she seemed to be restless under her mother's firm hand.

A Punch in the Nose. It was at Mme. Lebrun's in 1949 that Claire, a lanky, plain girl of 18, met Father Luciano Negrini, an English-speaking Italian priest, 41 years old. A veteran of 15 years as a missionary in China, Father Negrini had been sent by his bishop to the U.S. to win friends and funds for the mission in Hupeh. He won so close a friend in Claire that last September U.S. ecclesiastical authorities sent him back to Italy under charges of "bad conduct."

Informed that she would have to go home, even though she had turned 21 in June, Claire became hysterical, punched a policeman in the nose, and landed in a cell of Milan's medieval San Vittore prison.

Carrying the Weight. Last week she was out again and back in Negrini's room with the aunts and the cats. She had a psychiatrist's bill of health and a new *soggiorno*. "Luciano and I will now get married as soon as possible," Claire exulted. But until the U.S. consulate issues her a statement that she is free to marry, Italian law forbids her to marry an Italian.

Under suspension "*a divinis*," which means he is barred from saying Mass or administering the sacraments, Father Negrini (like Claire) faces excommunication if they marry in a civil ceremony. Rome's excitable daily *Il Momento* quoted Negrini as saying: "I don't feel I can go on the rest of my life carrying the weight of the excommunication—he it for myself or for Claire. We have remained profoundly



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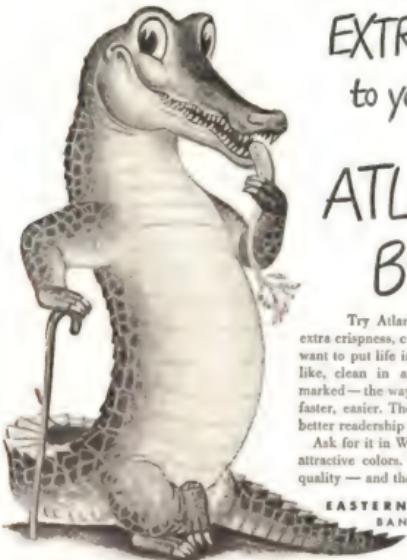
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A regular quarterly dividend of 40¢ per share has been declared, payable on September 21, 1951, to holders of record at the close of business on August 27, 1951, on the Common Stock of Atlas Corporation.

WALTER A. PETERSON, President
July 27, 1951.

Catholic, and the excommunication dis-turbs us and prevents us from being completely happy."

Back in Chicago, devout Professor Young, who goes to Mass daily, wound up his summer school teaching and settled back to wait for word from Italy. Said he quietly: "I have been feeling quite old in the last few weeks."

Voice in France

The strength of Christianity is paradoxical. In France, which is generally anti-clerical, and which counts a fourth of its population as Communists, Catholicism is more alive and creative than elsewhere in the modern world. As a further paradox, some of France's Catholic leaders are viewed askance, as flirting with heresy, by the Vatican itself.

One sign of French Catholic vitality is the movement called Mission de France (TIME, Feb. 27, 1950), which sends its priests into the world to live, work and dress as ordinary laborers and peasants. One of the leaders of the Mission de France is Father André Depierre. Something of his story is told in the Protestant quarterly, *Christianity & Crisis*.

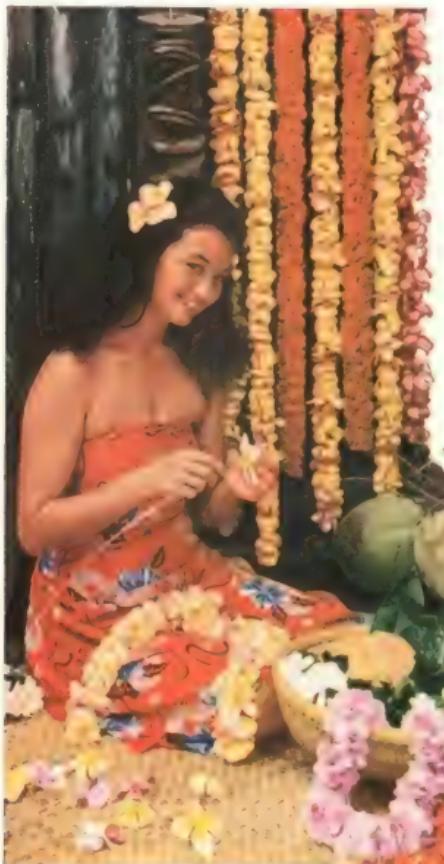
He lives in a strongly Communist working-class district of Paris. As a priest, he worked as a ragman and a factory worker, only began to perform his priestly duties full time when his congregation asked him to. Writes Father Depierre:

"Believers or unbelievers, young or old, Communists or humanists, we are discovering our unity and our truthfulness with ourselves . . . as we are to the erection of the same brotherly city, beyond our divisions and easy denials. For we are the beginning of a renewal of the world . . . the modern world is not yet, and it will seek itself until the Face and the Smile of God, through the dynamic and active presence of Christians . . . have led it in its yet mishapen and scattered search. The modern world will create itself progressively when the Church, forgetting its limitations of the past, stripped of its clothing from the Middle Ages, reinvigorated by the Evangelical Vision, will have assumed it, transfigured it, unified it . . ."

Social radicalism, Father Depierre feels, should have no terrors for Christians.

"Mankind, by its genesis, is revolutionarily mankind redeemed by Christ is ceaselessly storming original sin and the sin of the world whatever it may be . . . Redemption is a perpetual fight, a perpetual effort of mankind against the inner evil that strangles it. Then why have these songs of joy and deliverance, started maybe a bit clumsily by the great socialist leaders, met only with condemnation amongst us, contented hearts and closed minds that we are? . . . Why have we, who are living no more the lot of the poor, lost the meaning of the word 'Saviour'?"

"Why blame the Marxists for their thirst of an earthly paradise, as if God had not made the earth a Paradise first, as if the Saviour had not torn out the sin of the world, as if we were not saved, redeemed by Him . . . ?"



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Our taxes paid in the State of Ohio are sufficient to provide for the education of 2,271 school children each year . . . in Alabama, 2,391 children . . . in the State of Washington, 1,900 children . . . *

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* * *

Our annual payroll in Arkansas is sufficient to support 30 average independent grocery stores; in California, 146 stores; in Connecticut, 47 stores.**

*Educational expenditures per state from Statistical Abstract of the U. S., 1950.

**Avg. grocery store sales from 1948 Census of Business, U. S. Dept. of Commerce.



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SPORT

Tennis Lessons

The two most hopeful young hopefuls of U.S. tennis—Dick Savitt, 24, and Tony Trabert, 20—both came a cropper last week in the Eastern Grass Court championships, at Orange, N.J. In each case an old tennis hand was the obstacle that sent the youngsters arsy-versy: Gardnar Mulloy, 37, and Billy Talbert, 32.

Savitt, Australian and Wimbledon champion, won the first two sets against Mulloy, 6-4, 6-3, with a display of the all-court game and big serve that had carried him to past triumphs, and seemed well on his way to running out the match. Then the fire went out of his game, and he dropped the third set, 6-8.

Mulloy, rested by the intermission, mixed canny drop shots and deep drives in the fourth set, and jumped to a 4-1 lead. In the sixth game, Savitt was unnerved by an apparently overeager baseline judge who called, loud & clear, a succession of foot faults. Savitt glowered at the linesman, stalked over to the umpire and demanded that the offending linesman be removed—presumably for incompetence. When his request was not granted, logically enough, Savitt, fuming inwardly, threw the next game and the set, by deliberately driving four straight balls into the net. The crowd booted him.

Old Hand Mulloy also had foot faults called against him, but instead of fuming, he flared, "Dammit, I didn't." Having blown off steam, Mulloy went on to blast a demoralized Savitt off the court in the final set, 6-2.

* The official manual for linesmen states: "He [the linesman] should call a foot fault only when he is positive that the rule has been broken. The server must receive the benefit of any doubt."



TRABERT & SAVITT
Arsy-versy.



Peter Anderson

BRITISH-AMERICAN CUP RACE: "GOOSE" LEADING
After a minor disaster, a seamanlike maneuver.

Up & coming Trabert, National Clay Court and Intercollegiate champion (TIME, July 23 *et seq.*), learned his lesson in less time—three straight sets. Tony, a blaster of driving shots from baseline and net, never could set himself against Talbert's well-placed drives and drop shots, and was constantly on the defensive—a phase of the game he does not understand. The score: 6-2, 11-9, 6-2.

In the final, Talbert whipped a tired Mulloy in straight sets. Then the two old hands took an advanced lesson from the Australian Davis Cuppers Frank Sedgman and Ken MacGregor in the doubles final, 4-6, 6-3, 6-2, 9-7.

While Savitt and Trabert were taking their header at Orange, Art Larsen and Herb Flam sailed through their singles matches against the Mexican Davis Cup team at the Westchester Country Club in Rye, N.Y. Then the doubles team of Flam & Vic Seixas polished off Mexico's brother combination of Armando & Roldano Vega to put the U.S. into the American zone finals against Canada.

Victory at Cowes

Between England's mainland and the Isle of Wight stretches a yachtsman's nightmare. Cowes Road abounds in treacherous currents, hidden reefs and fickle winds. There, last week, three American and three British six-meter racing yachts caught the breeze in the race for the British-American Cup, a junior-sized edition of the America's Cup (won last in 1937 when the U.S. sloop *Ranger* handily beat England's *Endeavour II* in four straight races).

Old hands to the Road's tricky 14-mile course, the British quickly swung into a 3 to 1 lead, needed only one more victory to rule the waves. Then a minor disaster sent the Americans' fortunes even lower: the helmsman of *Goose* (from Oyster Bay, N.Y.) fell sick. U.S. Captain Herman Whitton had to reshuffle his whole line-up. But to everyone's surprise the U.S.

took the next two races, evened the match.

The deciding race was marked by the most seamanlike maneuver of the series. Running bow & bow with Britain's *Johan*, the American *Llanoria* suddenly luffed into the wind, forcing *Johan* to follow suit. The maneuver temporarily becalmed both boats in the lee of a passing ocean liner. Captain Whiton's *Goose* took the opening and slipped ahead to finish first. Shaking off *Johan*, *Llanoria* came in second, got the points needed to give the U.S. the race and its third cup in a row.

Death at Seattle

In the qualifying heat of motorboating's classic Gold Cup race at Seattle last week, Driver Orth Mathiot barely managed to make the minimum 65 m.p.h. speed in his blue-grey *Quicksilver*, a sleek, new, 31-foot hydroplane. Devil-may-care Mathiot, a Portland, Ore., tugboat operator, was not really expecting *Quicksilver* to win the cup. Neither were Seattle's boat-racing fans, who turned out at nearby Lake Washington to cheer their hometown entry, *Slo-Mo-Shun V*, which set two records in the first of three final runs—97.836 m.p.h. for a three-mile lap, 91.766 m.p.h. for the 30-mile heat.

But Skipper Mathiot wasn't complaining. While *Slo-Mo-Shun V* also took the second heat, Mathiot and Crewman Tom Whitaker sat it out in the pit, working on a balky engine. "Aw, we're in this race for fun," said Mathiot. "What the hell."

Back for the final heat, he gave 250,000 spectators a thrill by whipping so narrowly past the observation barge that newsmen aboard could count the stitches on his lifebelt. Then, 300 yards past the barge, *Quicksilver* began the turn. Suddenly the big hydroplane slipped over, vanished in a geyser of white spray. When the mist settled, only flatsom remained—a few splinters of grey plywood, a seat cushion, one shoe with a sock still inside.

Horrified race officials ran up a red flag, fired their signal cannon. After ten minutes *Slo-Mo-Shun V*'s winning driver, Lou

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Fageol, finally spotted the wave-downs, eased his boat alongside the barge. Two hours later, divers found the body of Orth Mathiot, next day brought up what was left of Tom Whitaker.

Gamblers on the Fairway

At 11 o'clock one night last fortnight the phone rang in a room in the St. Paul Hotel. "Sam Snead?" asked a man's voice. Golfer Snead allowed that it was. Another husky voice came on to inform Snead that "we have lots of money bet" on the final round of the St. Paul Open, to be played next day. Grunted the mystery caller: "Now you get in there and start playing. We don't want Mangrum to win." Slamming Sam, who at the time trailed Lloyd Mangrum by ten strokes, angrily snorted: "Do you know what time it is?" hung up and went back to bed. Half an hour later, in the same kind of call, Lloyd Mangrum got more ominous advice: "If you want to get out of St. Paul safe, you better not play so good tomorrow."

Were gamblers really trying to fix big-time golf as they had fixed big-time basketball? Next day, with a mild case of jitters, Mangrum played under an armed police escort, but blasted a 2-under-par 70 to take \$2,250 first prize money (and to become the year's top money winner with \$15,943.83). Later, he told newsmen it was not quite a new experience: two years ago, a man he knew (since "sent up the river for dope peddling or something") offered him a share "in cutting up \$7,000" if he would finish no better than fourth in a West Coast tournament.

This week, in Chicago for the All-American Tournament at suburban Tam O'Shanter Country Club, Sam Snead just scoffed at the "threats," declared: "I get calls from guys like that all the time." But as the tournament got under way, both Snead and Mangrum, playing under the watchful eyes of a convoy of cops and plainclothesmen, were clearly off their games. Mangrum wound up tied for sixth place; Snead was out of the running. The winner: former (1949) U.S. Open Champion Cary Middlecoff, with a 274.

Winners

When Bob Feller first went to the Cleveland Indians 15 years ago, he was the 17-year-old boy wonder of the majors, who mowed down opposing batters with a blazing fireball. He was still trying to burn them in long after his arm grew old and his speed ball slower, hit bottom in 1949 by winning barely half his games. This year, Bob Feller, no longer a thrower, but a crafty pitcher, is well up the comeback trail. Last week he chalked up his 17th victory of the year (against four defeats), to lead the major leagues in games won.

In his first bout with Argentina's Cesar Brion last November, former Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis squeaked by with a close decision. Last week, in San Francisco, aging (37) Joe Louis looked a little more like the old Brown Bomber. His left jab cut rugged Cesar Brion's face

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to ribbons, twice had him on the verge of a knockout before Louis won a unanimous decision at the final bell.

The Dodger Sym-Phony Band, temporarily silenced by Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians because two of its members were union members (TIME, Aug. 6), was caterwauling away again this week, more stridently offkey than ever. After the union agreed that the Ebbets Field concerts could continue if amateurs replaced the union members, the sons of two Sym-Phonists joined the ensemble and the band blared on.

In the National Contract Bridge tournament in Washington, D.C., New Yorkers Richard Kahn & Peter Leventritt piled up a final session score of 299½ points to take the Masters' pair championship, bridge's biggest title.

MILESTONES

Divorced. By Character Actor Charles (Show Boat) Winninger, 67; oldtime Musicomedie Star Blanche Ring (*No, No, Nannette*) Winninger, 74, who won a California interlocutory decree from him last June (TIME, June 25); after 39 years of off & on marriage, no children; in Mexico.

Died. Carlo Margottti, 60, Archbishop of Gorizia (near Trieste), who for 17 years took part in the touchy Yugoslav-Italian border disputes; of a heart ailment; in Gorizia, Italy. When Tito's Partisans entered Gorizia in 1945, Margottti was captured and sentenced to death as "an enemy of the Slovene people." Later, his sentence was commuted to banishment from Yugoslav territory.

Died. E. (for Emanuel) Haldeman-Julius, 62, publisher of the famed, cut-rate (10¢) "Little Blue Books"; by accidental drowning; in Girard, Kans. An outspoken socialist, agnostic and advocate of companionate marriage, in 32 years he sold more than 300 million copies of his books, ranging from *Essence of the Bible* to *The Art of Kissing*, made a small fortune, but failed to report \$75,000 of it, was appealing a six-month jail sentence for income-tax evasion when he died.

Died. William Henry ("Wild Bill") Kieckhofer, 68, economist, author (*An Outline of Economics*), former head of the University of Wisconsin's economics department, whose wild shock of white hair earned him his nickname and whose famed lectures were traditionally greeted with a skyrocket cheer; after long illness; in Madison, Wis.

Died. Baron Ernst von Weizsäcker, 60, Nazi diplomat, Hitler's last Ambassador to the Vatican; after a brain illness; in Lindau, Germany. In 1949 he was sentenced at a Nürnberg war crimes trial to seven years in prison (he served 18 months) principally for writing "no objection" on an order to deport 6,000 Jews from France to Poland.

The 4 big questions that face every builder are answered by Concrete Construction



As our country gears itself for a stronger, better and safer tomorrow, defense and other essential construction become vitally important. Now, more than ever before, you want to get the most for your building dollars. Only concrete construction gives you the right answer to all of these four big construction questions.

WHAT ABOUT DURABILITY?

Concrete airports, highways, farm buildings, factories, dams, piers and pipe lines can be designed to withstand any natural wearing action—above ground, underground or underwater. Concrete also resists decay, termites and vermin.

WHAT ABOUT UPKEEP?

Concrete structures and improvements, being resistant to destructive forces, look new longer and last much longer. They require fewer repairs and far less maintenance. As a result, concrete construction costs less to own.

WHAT ABOUT SAFETY?

Concrete construction gives you valuable protection against destructive forces such as storms, quakes and fire. Concrete can't burn! Why take unnecessary chances? Protect lives and property by building with concrete.

WHAT ABOUT ECONOMY?

For any type of building or improvement concrete is thrifty construction because its first cost is moderate, its maintenance cost is very low and it has a much longer life. The all-important result is true *low-annual-cost* service.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Ill.

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of portland cement and concrete . . . through scientific research and engineering field work.



125 miles of train coming up

Here is a bird's-eye view of the 15,000 or more railroad cars that one Diesel switcher can handle in the course of its 30-day work-shift. This rough, tough, cock o' the yards, makes up trains to order, breaks them apart at the end of their run, bullocks up to 100 cars at a crack. And, does it non-stop for 30 days and nights.

A thousand times a day the throttle is opened and closed, to "rev up," slow down, reverse. Working in heat up to 180°. Dayton V-Belts help the generator develop power to fill the throttle's demands. Would you ever

guess they could last 3 to 5 years on a job like this, with only one day off a month?

They've been doing it for years—that's why 90% of American made Diesels specify them as original equipment. Dayton V-Belts do an outstanding job in industry, too. The Dayton

Cog-Belt*, for example, delivers 40% more horsepower on industrial drives, than any ordinary V-Belt. If you have a power transmission problem, remember—the Cog-Belt and the Dayton Distributor always mean more power to you! *Dayton Rubber Co., Dayton 1, Ohio.*

*T.M.

Dayton Rubber

World's largest manufacturer of V-Belts

DAYTON RUBBER COMPANY, DAYTON 1, OHIO



V-BELT DRIVES
for industry, railroads,
automobiles, farm and home.



DAYCO ROLLERS
and Offset Blankets for
the printing industry.



TEXTILE PRODUCTS
for spinning and weaving
natural and synthetic fibers.



KOOLFOAM
foam latex pillows
and mattresses.



TIRES
for passenger cars,
trucks and buses.

BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS Tax Treadmill

Like a mule on a treadmill, U.S. business was beginning to feel that had to keep moving faster just to stand still. Last week Manhattan's National City Bank, totting up first half profits before taxes for 325 U.S. manufacturing corporations, reported a whopping increase of 51% over the 1950 period. But after taxes had been deducted, the net gain was only 1%.

Uneasy Balance

"We asked Congress for a transfusion," cried Price Boss Di Salle last week, "and they gave us an enema." Like the rest of the Administration, Rabelaisian Mike Di Salle was wailing that the weakened controls law threatened imminent inflation. But last week it was plain that an older law—supply and demand—was still at work. Instead of rising, a lot of prices were falling.

U.S. retailers, with business 20% below last year and inventories still top-heavy, were slashing prices in the biggest mid-summer sales in years. Even the new relaxed credit terms (a cut in down payments, longer time to pay) failed to bring the expected perk-up in sales. In many lines, the consumer was momentarily king and could still drive bargains—well below list prices—for refrigerators, washing machines, TV sets and even some makes of new cars. For the ninth consecutive week, the Government's index of wholesale prices had dropped, mainly because of shakeouts in commodities. Wool had skidded to \$2.15 a lb. compared to \$3.85 five months ago. Cotton men, who screamed early this year that if cotton were frozen at 45¢ a lb., their profits would disappear, were now glad to sell for 35¢. Result: the big makers of bed sheets last week cut their prices from 4¢ to 10¢.

Actually, the only major segment of the economy where higher prices seemed imminent was in automobiles. Both Ford and Chrysler asked Di Salle's OPS for price boosts (an average of 9½%) under the new law, and Di Salle readily agreed that they were entitled to them because of higher costs. Giant G.M. and such independents as Hudson, Nash and Studebaker had not yet made up their minds.

But there is still a tremendous buying power in the land that could quickly drive prices up: employment in July soared to an alltime record of 62,526,000. Last week the Wage Stabilization Board gave up its attempt to hold wage boosts to 10% above pre-Korens levels, adopted a new formula, under the new controls law, permitting them to rise with any new rise in the cost of living. The real inflation test will come in the fall, when rearmament begins to take its bite out of consumer goods. For the moment at least, the economy seems to have reached a state of balance—uneasy, perhaps, but nevertheless balanced.

TEXTILES Undercover Artists

Like the model T Ford and the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, B.V.D.s are part of U.S. folklore. Not many citizens know that the initials stand for "Bradley, Voorhees and Day," but everyone knows they stand for men's underwear. Last week the famous trademark took the biggest step in its 75-year history. The \$47 million-a-year B.V.D. Industries, Inc., which operates seven knitting mills and factories in the U.S., Canada and South Africa, sold the



JEAN HARLOW IN B.V.D. SUIT (CIRCA 1932); B.V.D. ADVERTISEMENT (1937)
Trouble began when Gable took off his shirt.

trademark and its retail sales force to New York's Onyx-Superior Mills, Inc.

Last week's sale marks the first change in ownership of the trademark since Textile Tycoons Charles and Abraham Erlanger bought it from its original owners in 1908. The Messrs. Bradley, Voorhees and Day were Manhattan manufacturers of ladies' and gentlemen's undergarments, were well known for their B.V.D. Spiral Bustle ("The only Bustle made that will not Break Down"). But the Erlangers made B.V.D. probably the best-known initial-trademark in the world when they introduced a revolutionary type of one-piece men's "athletic underwear." Later, they brought out two-piece models as well. Loose-fitting and comfortable, B.V.D.s were a sensational improvement over old-fashioned bulky underwear. Plugged by its catchy slogan, "Next to myself, I like B.V.D. best," sales hit an estimated peak of 7,200,000 pairs a year in the mid-'30s.

The lean & lissome males in B.V.D. ads (*see cut*) became as familiar as the Arrow Collar Man.

B.V.D. sparked another style revolution in the '30s, when its publicity stills of Olympic Swimmer Johnny Weissmuller in B.V.D. bathing trunks helped start the fad of topless swimming trunks for men. With the late Cinemactress Jean Harlow as a model, B.V.D. helped start the trend toward skirtless, one-piece bathing suits for women. But in 1934, Hollywood dealt men's underwear a near-mortal blow. In *It Happened One Night*, Clark Gable took



off his shirt, and revealed that he wore no undershirt. Sales of men's underwear in the U.S. dropped 40% in a single year.

B.V.D. and other underwear makers soon made up the sales deficit by switching to shirts and shorts, pajamas and other garments, but the classic B.V.D. one-piece never hit its old stride again (last year U.S. males bought only 720,000 pairs). The Erlanger interests concentrated more & more on their basic spinning, weaving and finishing operations in the South, this year decided to get out of the retail business altogether.

They found a willing buyer in Onyx-Superior Mills, freshly merged this month from two old-line textile firms. By pumping new advertising into the old B.V.D. name on its line of underwear and sports clothes, Onyx-Superior thinks it can boost its sales by \$2,000,000 this year. The new owners will keep right on making the classic one-piece.

RAILROADS

Southern Comfort

Mississippi's waspish John Rankin wagged his white mane with satisfaction. Said he to the House of Representatives last week: "This regulation is . . . the first thing that has brought justice in freight rates to the people of the South and West in the last 50 years." Editorialized the Atlanta *Journal*: "It has been a long and valiant fight [which] has resulted in a triumph for justice and fair play."

Both were talking about the Interstate Commerce Commission's latest directive to U.S. railroads, ordering them to file uniform freight rates on rail shipments of manufactured goods to all parts of the U.S. east of the Rockies by Jan. 1. Southerners have long complained that freight rates have been stacked against the South: e.g., it is 20% cheaper to ship some goods from Chicago to New York (800 miles) than from Atlanta to New York (868 miles). By removing these differentials, ICC's order—following a 1947 Supreme Court decision holding such rates discriminatory—will save Southern businessmen an estimated \$20 million a year.

With the long fight won, a few skeptical Southerners wondered if the victory might not be a mixed blessing. Since it will bring reductions on rates charged for some 20,000 items, all manufactured goods, some businessmen and farmers feared that the railroads would try to re-capture their lost revenue by establishing uniform, but higher, rates on such commodities as cotton, tobacco, coal and chemicals, which make up most of all railroad shipments out of the South.

They Like Ike

As the nation's two largest railroads, the New York Central and the Pennsylvania are fierce competitors. But in one operation they are partners—and not too happy about it. Together they control the tiny Central Indiana Railroad, which runs one freight train a day from Anderson, Ind., to the freight yards at Lebanon, 44 miles away. Central Indiana has lost money steadily for the past 51 years. Last week the New York Central and the Pennsy had a new partner in their money-losing venture: 45-year-old Ike Duffey, a self-made millionaire, retired meat packer, and a train buff since he was a boy.

Ike built up a cattle business from scratch, ran ten stockyards in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, started a meat-packing plant in Pittsburgh. In his spare time, he studied railroading lore, spent vacations riding Colorado's ancient, narrow-gauge Durango railroad, and a good portion of his income on model electric trains. Five years ago, Ike bought a packing plant in Anderson for \$300,000, sold it three years later for \$35,000,000, and stopped working. Soon, idleness began to bother him; not even his model trains were enough to keep him busy. Then he thought of the little Central Indiana, which had served his packing house and obviously needed help.

Ike asked the New York Central and the

A Mountain Climber... like Cast Iron Pipe...has STAMINA!

To have what it takes in strength and staying power means stamina...in a mountain climber as in cast iron pipe.

The fact that cast iron underground mains have been carrying water and gas for 100 years or more in 38 American cities can mean nothing else but stamina. For think of the changed conditions those mains have met.

Skyscrapers dominating city skylines. Multi-ton trucks rumbling through streets instead of horse-drawn vehicles. A maze of pipelines crowding the underground. Yet cast iron pipe has survived these changes because of its crushing-strength, shock-strength and beam-strength.

No pipe that is deficient in these strength-factors of long life should ever be laid in paved streets of cities, towns and villages.

* Mt. Everest, world's highest, 29,141 feet, has never been conquered, although two international climbers who have been within a few hundred feet from the summit

Cast Iron Pipe Research Association,
Thos. F. Wolfe, Managing Director,
122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago 3.

CAST
IRON
PIPE



SERVES FOR CENTURIES

You
won't
run this
ad...



when you mechanize with Remington Rand

Easiest to operate of all the accounting machines

Your own staff can quickly learn to use it. No special operators need be hired. Here's what three firms say:

MICHIGAN: "We went around to other companies to examine their methods...the Remington Rand accounting machine seemed simpler than others."

CALIFORNIA: "We installed the machine without a special operator...One of our employees was trained without difficulty."

MARYLAND: "The simply designed keyboard and the complete visibility of the writing line are great aids to speed and production."



Booklet AB-392 shows you how to slash your bookkeeping costs by 40% to 60%. Ask your local representative, or write to Management Controls Reference Library, Room 1267, 315 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 10.

Let us show you how your present employees, *familiar with your procedures*, can easily operate this machine. Just one simple keyboard. Standard alphabet keys. Only ten numeral keys for all the figure work.

All the operator does is enter amounts and descriptions. The machine does the rest of the job automatically, giving you completed and proved records with up-to-date balances.

call
Remington Rand





The "YELLOW BLANK" never forgets!

Avoid costly misunderstandings.
Leave nothing to memory!
Confirm every important verbal
message by Telegram.
Fast! Efficient! Low Cost!
... and a permanent record!

For any business purpose
A TELEGRAM
DOES THE JOB BETTER

WESTERN UNION

UNANSWERED MAIL

WOULD APPRECIATE REPLY TO
LETTER OF JULY EIGHTEENTH
INFORMATION URGENTLY NEEDED
PLEASE REPLY BY TELEGRAPH

WESTERN UNION

CREDIT INFORMATION

HAVE FIVE THOUSAND DOLLAR
ORDER FROM STERLING HORNER
COMPANY. PLEASE ADVISE BY
TELEGRAM IF CREDIT O.K.
FOR THIS AMOUNT

It won't go
in one ear
and out the
other when you
send a telegram!



Pennsylvania if he could try his hand at setting things right with their stepchild. They took one look at his business record and promptly installed him as chairman, president and general manager. Salary: \$1 a year. To Ike's brother John, who has been his partner in everything else, they gave the job of vice president.

President Duffey has already made a start toward getting the Central Indiana into the black. (last year's deficit: \$48,000). He has landed a big new account: Muncie's famed Ball Brothers (fruit jars), who had not used the line for 20 years until Ike came in with his blarney. Says Ike: "How many men get to do what they really want to do—especially by the time they're 45? I'm the luckiest man on earth."

OIL

Meeting the Deficit

With Iran's oil shut off from the West, 19 U.S. oil companies last week got Government blessing to set up an international pool. By using each other's pipelines, storage facilities and tankers, thus eliminating wasteful duplications, they hoped to gain enough production to make up half of the 600,000-barrel daily production lost in Iran.

CORPORATIONS

New Shoes

"Every well-dressed man should have at least 30 pairs of shoes in his closet," says Nashville's debonair W. Maxey Jarman, 47. He talks that way because he makes the famed Jarman shoe and 23 other brands. Jarman breaks in a new pair himself once a week. He says it is the simplest way of keeping a check on the products of his company, the General Shoe Corp.

Last week Shoemaker Jarman broke in his fanciest pair yet. He bought out New Jersey's Johnston & Murphy Shoe Co., 101-year-old maker of top quality men's shoes, whose customers have included such men as Theodore Roosevelt, "Diamond Jim" Brady and Henry Ford. For J. & M., the deal meant a transfusion of some much-needed capital. For General Shoe, whose top Jarman brand sells in the \$10.95 to \$18.95 range, it was the first move into the high-priced (\$27.50-\$39.50) field. For well-shod Maxey Jarman, it was the latest in a series of fast strides by which he has pushed General Shoe, in 18 years, from a single plant to the U.S.'s fourth biggest shoe operation.

The company, founded in 1924 by Maxey Jarman's father, the late James Franklin Jarman, had only the small plant in Nashville when Maxey quit M.I.T. in his third year ("I didn't want to be an engineer") to work in the plant as a \$10-a-week laborer. After a year of that, he went out selling shoes, sold so well that in 1933 his father made him president and stepped up to chairman (he died in 1938). Maxey took over at the bottom of the Depression, but instead of retrenching, he decided to expand. He started four systems of retail stores, launched an advertising campaign to plug the company's



Dave Peyton

RAILROADER DUFFEY

One train a day.

"Friendly Five" men's shoes at \$5 a pair.

Invading the North, he bought a tanning plant in Michigan, started a box-making division and a subsidiary to furnish low-cost cement, chemicals and finishes to the manufacturing plants. By 1941, his integrated company had 43 retail stores of its own, 10,000 other outlets, and sales of \$24 million. Last year, with outlets in 18 nations, sales hit a new peak of \$84 million, and General netted \$4,000,000. Just before buying Johnston & Murphy, Maxey Jarman expanded by buying Massachusetts' W. L. Douglas (men's) Shoe Co. and the Nisley Shoe Co., a chain of 45 retail stores in the Midwest. He now has 23 manufacturing plants, more than 200 retail stores and 10,000 employees.



SHOEMAKER JARMAN

One pair a week.



*Fairfax continuous towels used by Perfect Circle Corporation are serviced by Mid-West Towel and Linen Service of Muncie, Indiana

Perfect Circle finds Cotton Towels* preferred by their employees



**Here's How
Linen Supply Works...**

You buy nothing . . . your linen supply dealer supplies everything. The low cost includes cabinets, pickup and delivery, provides automatic supply of freshly laundered towels. Quantities can be increased or decreased on short notice. Local service is listed in your classified book under SERVILINEN, LINEN SUPPLY or TOWEL SUPPLY.

Employees of Perfect Circle Corporation, makers of piston rings, were genuinely pleased when an efficient cotton towel service was installed in both the Hagerstown and New Castle, Indiana plants. Management was pleased, too, because this new, better-liked towel service has promoted good labor relations, while actually reducing the cost of washroom maintenance.

Whatever your towel problem . . . whether you operate a factory, institution, office or store . . . you can be sure that soft, gentle, absorbent cotton towels will do the best job in promoting employee morale, building customer good will, increasing tidiness in your washrooms and cleanliness among your employees. Cotton towel service is economical, it's efficient and it's a sign of good management.

Clean Cotton Towels...

Sure Sign of Good Management

Fairfax Towels

A PRODUCT OF WEST POINT MANUFACTURING CO. • WELLINGTON SEARS CO., SELLING AGENTS, 65 WORTH ST., NEW YORK 13



Nailed down . . . the smooth ride!

The sight of trackmen using hammers to nail down spikes is one you won't see much on the Erie Railroad any more.

For the machine you see in this picture drives the spikes mechanically through holes in the tie plate into the wooden tie and does it better and faster with less effort. It hammers in from 120 to 150 six-inch spikes an hour, helping in the upkeep of Erie's 2200 miles of track between New York and Chicago. Last year the Erie spent nearly \$20,000,000 to insure a smooth trip for everything that moves along on Erie tracks!

This investment in the maintenance of Erie's famed heavy-duty roadbed contributes to the railroad's readiness to serve our country well in peace or war.

Here again is another example of Erie's progressive railroading. It is this constant effort to build a better railroad

that has earned Erie the reputation as one of the fine railroads of America—and one of the many reasons why so many shippers say "Route it Erie!"

Erie Railroad



Serving the Heart of Industrial America

STEEL

Lost Identity in Britain

Most Britons thought that the Labor Government would make haste slowly when it nationalized the steel industry last February. They reasoned that the government would string along with the management that had made steel one of the most efficient industries in Great Britain. But Conservative War Horse Winston Churchill shied nervously when he caught sight of 66-year-old Steven Hardie, the hard-boiled Socialist millionaire who took over as chairman of the government-owned Iron and Steel Corp., custodian for 217 nationalized steel companies. Growled Churchill to the House of Commons: "His arrogant behavior as a servant and tool of the government will certainly be the subject of continuous attention."

Last week Government Servant Hardie more than merited Churchill's attention. He had just fired seven directors from the board of one of Britain's finest steelmakers, Sheffield's Thos. Firth & John Brown, Ltd., one of the biggest makers of engineering steels and a pre-nationalization subsidiary of Scotland's famed shipbuilders, John Brown & Co., Ltd. (*Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth*). Five of the seven men fired were also directors of the shipbuilding firm. Explained Hardie: they had too many outside interests; the government wants full-time directors for its steel companies. It looked as if Hardie was out to cut the apron strings binding nationalized steel to private industry.

But to Firth & Brown's 72-year-old chairman, Lord Aberconway, it looked as if Hardie had cut the very spinal cord of the company when he fired the directors, including three of his ablest technicians. The government asked Lord Aberconway to stay, in spite of the fact that he also serves as chairman of the shipbuilding company. But he resigned, saying: "I feel that without their technical and business knowledge, I should not be of any help to you." At week's end Firth & Brown had only three directors left, two of them recent government appointees. ". . . The company as a continuous living organism," said the London *Times*, "has . . . lost its identity." Britons worried that such firings would rob the industry of its best men, disrupt the production of Britain's badly needed 16 million tons of steel a year. Unruffled, State Steel Boss Hardie planned further shake-ups.

GOVERNMENT

Untangled

In the U.S. rearmament program no job is more important than assuring a flow of strategic raw materials. Yet no job has been more thoroughly bungled, chiefly because it has fallen between the stools of at least six different agencies. For example, the Defense Minerals Administration, charged with boosting the prospecting for metals and approving loans for mining companies, was so snarled by red tape that in six months it managed to clear only 50 of 450 applications for tax write-offs and



What Industry Looks For In A Textile Fiber

When a fabric designer sets out to produce an important fabric, one of the first fibers he specifies is usually acetate rayon. Neither nature nor man has ever made a completely all-purpose fiber. The requirements of the consumer and of industry are so varied that desirable properties for one end use may prove handicaps for others.

But there are certain characteristics that are essential to producing most satisfactory textile products. These characteristics are found to a greater degree in acetate than in any other fiber. For this reason acetate has always been widely used in combination with other fibers, all the way from the long established natural fibers to the latest experimental chemical fibers to come on the market.

Special purpose fibers contribute special properties and are valuable in their own right. But time and

again they are blended with acetate to achieve its balanced advantages at costs that assure broad distribution and uses.

The pleasing qualities of soft drape and comfortable feel, the practical qualities of resiliency for shedding wrinkles along with quick drying and economy, all combine to make acetate a great basic fiber... a fiber in the development and production of which Celanese Corporation of America has pioneered.

Celanese

CORPORATION OF AMERICA
180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

CHEMICAL FIBERS . . . TEXTILES . . . CHEMICALS . . . PLASTICS

TIME, AUGUST 13, 1951



IT TAKES TWINE TO GROW A STEAK

Good hay means good beef. The most nutritious hay for cattle to eat, and easiest for farmers to harvest and handle, is baled hay—"packaged" in the field with a twine-using, automatic pick-up baler, like the one shown here.

Twine for this use must be exceptionally strong, smooth, even, free-running, rot-, rodent-, and insect-resistant. No wonder that when New Holland Machine Co. developed the

first automatic baler, it came to Plymouth for trouble-free twine. Today, Plymouth Harvest Twines speed hay and grain crop harvesting for farmers all over America.

Plymouth research, engineering, and manufacturing skills together have successfully solved special and standard cordage problems for 127 years. If twine or rope is an important cost item in your business, it will pay you to consult Plymouth.

PLYMOUTH CORDAGE COMPANY, 377 Court Street, Plymouth, Mass.

PLYMOUTH
Cordage Products



ROPE AND TWINE FOR MARINE AND INDUSTRIAL USE



Send for 16-page booklet, "The Plymouth Story"—an illustrated description of what it takes to make good rope and why Plymouth costs less to use.

not one of its 500 applications for prospecting loans.

When Mobilization Boss Charlie Wilson heard about the tangle he worked out a plan, went straight to the White House. Last week Harry Truman acted. He set up the Defense Materials Procurement Agency, transferred to it powers from all over the mobilization map. To boss DMPA (already being called "Dumpy" in Washington) he appointed Jess Larson, 47, ex-boss of the War Assets Administration and since 1949 chief of the General Services Administration.

In that job, Larson, an Oklahoma-born lawyer and World War II artillery colonel, has proved that he has resourcefulness and shrewd bargaining ability. Last December, when natural rubber soared to 78¢ a lb., Larson took over the buying of all U.S. rubber imports, then resold the rubber to private industry at a loss. By so



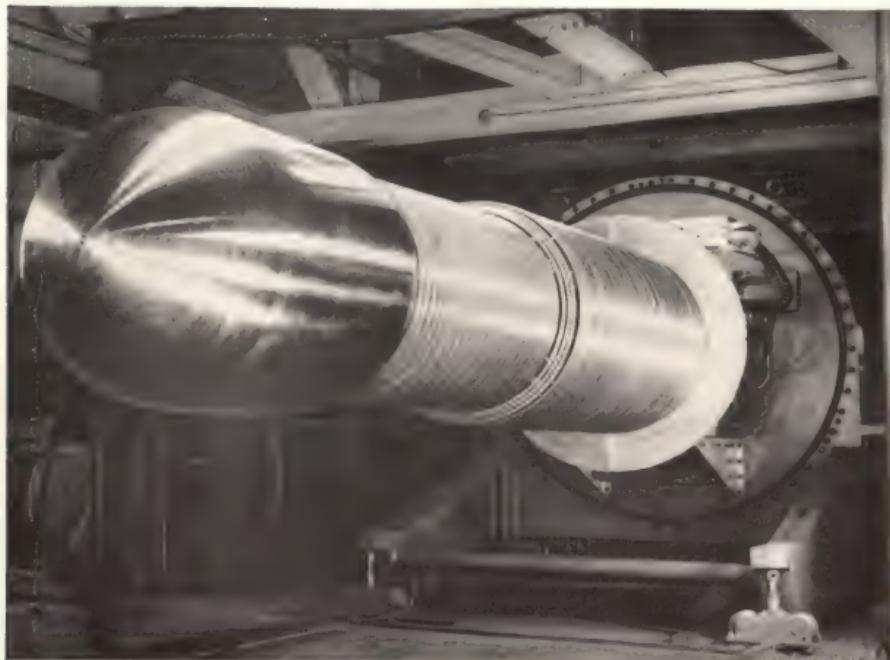
Photo: Ewing

JESS LARSON
The new word was "Dumpy."

doing, he drove the import price down to its present 46¢ a lb., but Larson will be selling to industry at 57¢ until the Government's loss on the purchases is recovered. As head of DMPA, Larson will be responsible to Charlie Wilson for finding, buying and expediting the production of 93 critical materials ranging from aluminum and cobalt to mica and sperm oil.

SHOW BUSINESS Bet Against Color

Emerson Radio & Phonograph Corp.'s President Benjamin Abrams last week made a \$20 million bet that color television will not make much headway in the next two years. For "a limited time," said Abrams, Emerson will issue a guarantee with every 1952-model black & white set it sells, allowing the purchaser to trade in the set—at full value—against any color TV set that may come on the market in the next two years.



4,000,000 VOLT VAN de GRAAFF GENERATOR

Big gun shoots invisible bullets

Scientists have found a new way to preserve food-stuffs and medicines so they will keep for years at room temperature. They bombard them with the tiniest "bullets" known to man—electrons.

The big, bright terminal cap of Armco Stainless Steel on this huge machine plays an important part in the new sterilizing method. Durable, easy-to-clean Armco Stainless has long been employed in the scientific processing, preserving, and refrigeration of food—as well as in the manufacture of antibiotics and other lifesaving drugs.

This same rustless metal gives you bright, spotless kitchens—you see it in gleaming sinks, work surfaces, and parts of your kitchen range.

It is only one of many special-purpose steels made by Armco for better home products—from laundry room equipment and gutters and downspouts, to home freezers and automobile mufflers.

The famous Armco trademark on the metal products you buy means that the manufacturers have chosen extra-quality steel. It assures long, satisfactory service—more value for your money.

ARMCO STEEL CORPORATION

MIDDLETOWN, OHIO, WITH PLANTS AND SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST
THE ARMCO INTERNATIONAL CORPORATION, WORLD-WIDE



CINEMA

Box Office

Hollywood's troubled moviemakers shuddered again. According to figures reported by Pollster George Gallup, and confirmed by Paramount's own reading of the current box office, customers are going to the movies at the rate of only \$3 million a week—more than a third off from 1946's weekly rate of \$8 million. The five best draws last month, as they placed in *Variety's* survey of 24 key cities:

- 1) *Show Boat* (M-G-M)
- 2) *Strangers on a Train* (Warner)
- 3) *The Great Caruso* (M-G-M)
- 4) *Take Care of My Little Girl* (20th Century-Fox)
- 5) *Excuse My Dust* (M-G-M)



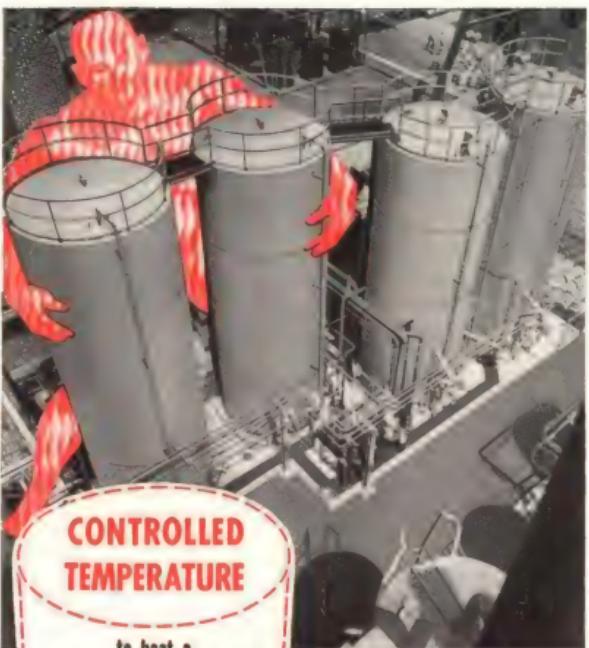
ARTHUR KENNEDY (RIGHT) & INSTRUCTOR
From self-pity to security.

The New Pictures

Bright Victory (Universal-International) tries earnestly to picture the struggles of a wounded World War II veteran faced with a life of blindness. In its treatment as well as its subject, the film invites, and suffers from, comparison with last year's *The Men*, which probed the postwar plight of paraplegic veterans.

The new picture has some solid virtues: an acute performance by Arthur (*The Glass Menagerie*) Kennedy as the hero, and engrossing documentary-style scenes (actually shot in Valley Forge General Hospital) showing how veterans are taught to get along without sight until they learn to find their way surely through the everyday routine of living.

Producer-Scripter Robert Buckner, working from the 1945 novel, *Lights Out*, is less successful in dramatizing the story of how the hero finds his way, through a darkness of self-pity and the patronizing pity of others, to inner strength and



CONTROLLED TEMPERATURE

to heat a
million pounds of oils and
fatty acids or 30 gallons of
pure hot water



Big Industry or little Mrs. Homemaker both rely on automatic controls by Robertshaw-Fulton to maintain correct temperatures for a perfect job.

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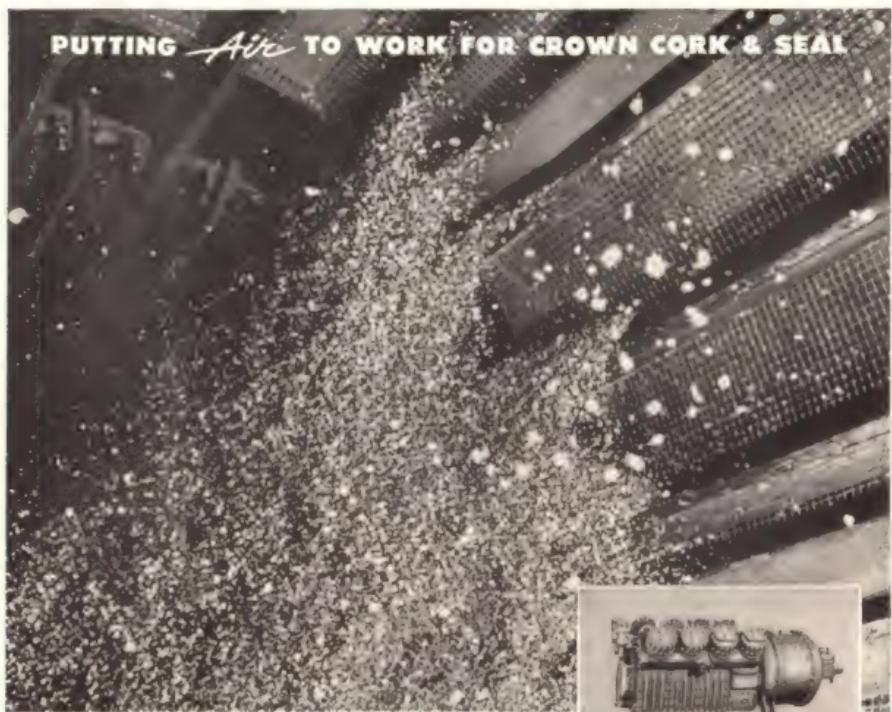
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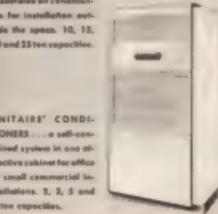
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security. Without the unpretty toughness and raw emotional power of *The Men*, the film moves slickly on a sentimental journey past soap-opera landmarks. Veteran Kennedy must choose between living supinely on a sinecure provided by his pre-war fiancée's wealthy father, or striking out independently with the help of a selfless girl (Peggy Dow) who loves him. The choice, and the plot maneuverings leading up to it, are never in doubt.

Not content with solving the problems of its blind hero so easily, *Bright Victory* is even more superficial in an over-tricky subplot that as glibly poses and solves the Negro problem. At best an uneven treatment of a touching subject, the movie courts an audience that may have found *The Men* too disturbingly bitter a pill; some moviegoers undoubtedly will prefer its soothing blend of easy sentiment and honey-smooth solutions.

Marie du Port (Bellon-Foulke International) is a rueful French comedy relating, with De Maupassant relish, the unequal struggle between a middle-aged roué (Jean Gabin) and an innocent young barmaid (Nicole Courcel), who is the young sister of his mistress. While his mistress attends her father's funeral in a Breton fishing village, Gabin idles about the town, casts a speculative eye on a boat which is for sale and on the barmaid who is not. Both boat and barmaid bring him back to tiny Port-au-Bessin, but he is unable to enjoy either: the boat has a quarrelsome ex-owner; the barmaid, a young admirer who despairingly throws himself under the wheels of Gabin's car.

In a strategic withdrawal, Gabin retires to Cherbourg, where he owns a café and movie house, but the barmaid and complications follow him. Finally, Gabin packs his mistress off to Paris, gets the despairing young man a job as hairdresser on the *Queen Mary* and, happily resigned, leads the still-virtuous barmaid to the altar.

Gabin is excellent as the man-about-town who becomes slowly aware that he is sinking into matrimonial quicksand. Nicole Courcel is completely convincing as the triumphant barmaid. Producer-Director Marcel (*Children of Paradise*) Carné paces the slight story, from one of Simenon's short novels, a little too slowly, but with a neat blending of decorative scenery and indecorous sex.

The Whistle at Eaton Falls (Louis de Rochemont; Columbia) deals with the thorny issue of labor v. management, a subject rarely touched on the U.S. screen. Filmed in New England, Independent Producer de Rochemont's picture tells of an ugly industrial crisis, with a community's survival at stake. Remarkably, spokesmen for both unions and management agree that it is a good picture. It also deserves the approval of moviegoers as absorbing, provocative entertainment.

Like De Rochemont's *Lost Boundaries*, the new movie dramatizes its issue shrewdly with a plot twist that thrusts a leading character from one side of the fence to the other, filling him with an inner

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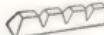
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conflict as sharp as the one that seethes around him. In *Lost Boundaries*, a college student discovered that he and his family, passing as white, were really Negroes. In *The Whistle at Eaton Falls*, a workingman (Lloyd Bridges) who heads the local union is catapulted into the tough job of bossing a failing manufacturing company.

Boss Bridges soon learns what his predecessor was up against: the company, being undersold everywhere, can meet competition only by putting in new machines and cutting labor costs. Facing the alternative of watching the plant go out of business (and most of Eaton Falls go out of work), he is forced into decisions that the union opposes bitterly.

Though both movies are based on true incidents, *The Whistle* is as vulnerable as *Lost Boundaries* to the charge of oversimplifying its complex issue in terms of a highly specialized case, and arriving too



Douglas Armsden
LOUIS DE ROCHEMONT
Around a hard core of fact.

partly at a happy ending. But *The Whistle* gives sympathetic treatment to the problems of both sides, respects both for good faith and argues effectively that in the long pull, labor and management are in the same boat.

A well-researched script and new faces recruited from Broadway and New England combine with on-the-spot shooting to give most of *The Whistle* the real-life look of all De Rochemont pictures. Supported by Dorothy Gish, in her first movie in five years, and by the stage's Murray Hamilton, James Westerfield and Lenore Lonergan, Hollywood's Actor Bridges gives his best performance so far.

Louis de Rochemont, 52, is one producer whose pictures bear the trademark of his own style, no matter who writes or directs them. He builds his movies around a hard core of fact, shoots them in actual settings, weights the casts with unknowns, little-knowns and nonprofessionals, so that

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the stories will look as if they were filmed while they were happening.

De Rochement developed his widely copied journalistic style in his nine-year stint as pioneer producer of the *MARCH OF TIME*. He introduced it to fiction films with 1945's *The House on 92nd Street*, applied it successfully to 1946's *13 Rue Madeleine*, 1947's *Boomerang!* and his first independent feature, 1949's *Lost Boundaries*. Also to his credit: World War II's Oscar-winning documentary, *The Fighting Lady*.

The producer, who began his career in his teens with a homemade newsreel camera, has never made a complete movie in Hollywood and has no use for the place. After producing four of his films for 20th Century-Fox, Individualist de Rochement clashed with Individualist Darryl F. Zanuck, the studio's boss, over publicity and screen credits. He quit, moved over to M-G-M and quit again when the studio wanted him to make *Lost Boundaries* in its own way, i.e., with fictitious violence and a budget three times as large as the \$500,000 he spent making it himself.

De Rochement lives and works in Portsmouth, N.H., which played Eaton Falls in his latest picture. His production unit is full of young men, e.g., Associate Producer Borden Mace is 31; one of De Rochement's insistent beliefs is that Hollywood's hardened arteries need young blood. Now in preparation (under a financing-releasing deal with Columbia Pictures that gives De Rochement firm control of his moviemaking): *Walk East on Beacon*, a thriller, based on FBI files, about attempts to steal a top U.S. secret whose existence the public still does not suspect. Last time De Rochement made that kind of picture, *The House on 92nd Street*, the secret, announced during production, turned out to be the atomic bomb.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Strangers on a Train. Alfred Hitchcock's implausible but dazzlingly tricky thriller about a psychopath (Robert Walker) with a new scheme for foolproof murder (*TIME*, July 16).

The Frogmen. How the Navy's underwater demolition teams cleared invasion beaches in World War II; with Richard Widmark, Dana Andrews, Gary Merrill (*TIME*, July 9).

Four in a Jeep. The timely story of a four-power MP patrol in Vienna, split by the plight of a Viennese girl in trouble with the Soviet command; with Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker (*TIME*, June 18).

Oliver Twist. Director David (*Great Expectations*) Lean's brilliant adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel; with Alec Guinness, John Howard Davies, Robert Newton (*TIME*, May 14).

On the Riviera. Danny Kaye plays a double role in a cinemusical whose laughs, songs and dances sparkle as brightly as its Technicolor (*TIME*, May 7).

Father's Little Dividend. In a lively sequel to the original Spencer Tracy-Joan Bennett-Elizabeth Taylor comedy, the *Father of the Bride* becomes a grandfather (*TIME*, April 23).

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BOOKS

Cheaper by the Dozen

Publishers and booksellers talk like patriots of literature, but the hard facts of life make them behave like ordinary businessmen. Crowded into a corner, they reluctantly admit that first-rate creative writing makes for risky publishing ventures, that to remain solvent they must stay off Parnassus and scurry about the market place. The shrewdest ones kowtow to a composite little woman. The best studies and most educated guesses indicate that she is a high-school graduate of about 35, and that one out of three of her class has been to college. Publishers and booksellers regard her with brooding affection because she buys about three-quarters of

helped their business over the past 25 years (B-o-M started in 1926, the Guild in 1927). A glance at almost any list of bookstore bestsellers shows that most of them got under way to the accompaniment of book-club ballyhoo and the word-of-mouth created by a book-club choice. And it is a pretty good bet that such nonfiction best-sellers as *The Mature Mind* and *The Lincoln Reader*, and such marginal novels as *The Mudlark* and *The Story of Mrs. Murphy*, would never have been bookstore successes without initial pushes by B-o-M.

The clubs have also uncovered a whole new layer of U.S. readers, many of them in towns miles from any bookstore. When the clubs started, it was generally conceded that only about 1,000,000 people in the

Where the clubs get touchy is in the matter of quality. Both the Guild and B-o-M started with brave promises. Early in the game, B-o-M Founder Harry Scherman offered readers "the outstanding book published each month"; in practice, this led to the selection of such books as Rolvaag's *Giants in the Earth*, Sandburg's *Abraham Lincoln*, Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter*. The club's sights have come down a bit. A B-o-M choice is now just a book that the club's five judges* happen to "like very much, for any reason at all." Among books so chosen: *The Battle Is the Payoff*, by Ralph Ingersoll; *Inside U.S.A.*, by John Gunther. But the method, or lack of one, has also given B-o-M customers *The World of Washington Irving* by Van Wyck Brooks and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* by George Orwell.

The Literary Guild has gone through a greater shift. "Literature!"—Not *Just Books*" was the cry in the first number of the Guild's booklet *Wings*, under Editor in Chief Carl Van Doren. For a while, the Guild tried to find books that "will be permanently important." It chose the work of such writers as Poe, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Novelists Aldous Huxley, Elizabeth Madox Roberts and Historian Claude Bowers. When Publisher Nelson Doubleday took over in 1934, all that changed. Guild Judge Burton Rascoe gave Guild members ten Doubleday books out of 13 in 1935. That vulnerable policy changed too; nowadays, very few Doubleday books get the Guild nod (two in 1950, none in 1951). But the shining literary promise of the founders has been altered in a private definition of great candor: "A literary standard as high as can be maintained in a mass operation." Most comfortably at home within this formula are a whole succession of bosom-and-hustle historical novels, though the Guild now & then extends its hospitality to such surprised strangers as Elizabeth Bowen (*The Heat of the Day*) and Robert Penn Warren (*World Enough and Time*).

Matter of Merchandise. Says one book-club editor who makes no bones about the nature of his business: "We're not missionaries, we're merchandisers." So good are the clubs at merchandising that each successful one has developed its own brand and customers, seldom seriously overlaps any other. By far the best merchandise over the years has come from B-o-M.

After a quick weed-out by a staff of professional readers, B-o-M's five judges ponder from twelve to 20 manuscripts a month (of the 275 or so to be published). Pollster George Gallup is a member of B-o-M's board of directors nowadays, conducts surveys after the books have been sent out to see "how the members liked them." But Founder Scherman sternly warns against the easy assumption that Dr. Gallup ("He knows more about advertising than any man in the U.S.") influences in any way the judges' choice.

On the whole, B-o-M's choices have de-



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"I'm afraid this is goodbye, Miss MacDonald. I'm joining the Book-of-the-Month Club."

all U.S. trade books, i.e., fiction and general nonfiction.

Nobody courts the little woman so consciously and ardently as the big book clubs. Since the nation's 3,200 booksellers feel that the clubs (with the publishers' help) are weaning her away with cut rates, they have sicked the Federal Trade Commission on the publishers in an effort to stop book-club bargains (*TIME*, July 23). But if book-club history proves anything, it proves that the little woman is content to let someone guess what she would enjoy reading and deliver it by parcel post to her door.

The Big Push. By now, few booksellers would deny that the Book-of-the-Month Club, the Literary Guild and some 50 other clubs have stimulated book reading and book buying. Privately, most booksellers admit that the clubs have often

U.S. bought any books at all. Today the clubs alone have an estimated membership of about 3,000,000. Furthermore, another 5,000,000 have at some time joined and dropped out, and may still have the book-store habit.

Matter of Taste. Though club membership is now well below the alltime highs of 1946 (B-o-M down from nearly 1,000,000 to 550,000, the Guild from 1,250,000 to around 700,000), the big clubs are still the richest plums in the book business. B-o-M sent out more than 7,000,000 books last year, showed a net profit (after taxes) of nearly \$1,250,000. The Literary Guild, the Dollar Book Club and a group of other clubs, all owned by Doubleday, do so well that Doubleday can afford to shrug off the charge that most of the books on its own huge publishing list are utterly undistinguished.

* Henry Seidel Canby (chairman), Clifton Fadiman, Amy Loveman, John P. Marquand, Christopher Morley.



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clined in literary worth since the early days. Poor books by name writers (John Steinbeck's *The Wayward Bus*, Sinclair Lewis' *Cass Timberlane*) have found easy acceptance; pure & simple hammock-reading is as apt to get the judges into a bookish tizzy as a Nobel Prize-winner. But with its "dividends," its alternates and the other cut-rate offerings that turn ordinary booksellers purple with frustration, B-o-M is still a sound bargain and many of its choices are beyond cavil.

The Common Touch. Perhaps no man in literary history has so flatly told people what to read and been so readily obeyed as short, mild John William Richard Beecroft. At 49, he is the editor of five Doubleday book clubs, personally makes all the selections for memberships totaling some 1,600,000. Like most club editors, he has a squad of screening readers. Virtually unknown to U.S. book buyers, he is a living, prosperous proof that for book clubs it is the common touch that counts. From even the most modest literary standpoint, his choices have about the same lasting values as the average issue of the average women's magazine, probably do no more harm.

All the remaining book clubs together have about one quarter the membership of the B-o-M and the Doubleday string combined. Their major disadvantage is that they are forced to take what the big ones don't want. The Book Find Club, leaning heavily to left-wing selections, has built a membership of about 75,000 on the unassailable claim that the leavings often include the best books. The Peoples Book Club uses Gallup testings and reader-juries to guide the editor in his choice. Its largely rural, largely female (about 85%) membership is reached solely through the Sears, Roebuck catalogue, seems well content with bland, kindly love stories, Taylor Caldwell Gothic and even a Thomas Costain novel, *Son of a Hundred Kings*, after it had been through the Literary Guild wringer.

On balance, the book clubs have no doubt vastly increased the volume of U.S. reading, but it would be hard to argue that they have raised the quality of the books read. Judging from their commercial success, that shortcoming is not apt to be held against them. Certainly not by the little woman.

Smugglers, Ahoy!

MOONFLEET (247 pp.)—J. Meade Falkner—Little, Brown (\$3).

"I do desire a book of adventure," Robert Louis Stevenson once complained, "a romance—and no man will get or write me one . . . A book, I guess, like *Treasure Island*, alas! which I have never read, and cannot though I live to ninety. I would God that someone else had written it!"

Stevenson died four years too soon. In 1895, a London publisher brought out just the book he was asking for, *Moonfleet* was its title, and it was the second novel of a tutor-turned-private-secretary named John Meade Falkner. British readers have



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been buying it ever since at a rate that has never fallen below 10,000 copies a year. Now, thanks to the belated good sense of a U.S. publisher, Americans can lay their hands on a U.S. edition of *Moonfleet*, only 53 years late.

Once Aboard the Brig. Like *Treasure Island*, *Moonfleet* is the story of a half-grown boy, John Trenchard, who gets caught up among desperadoes—smugglers, in this case, on England's Dorsetshire coast. Like Stevenson's Jim Hawkins, young Johnnie first learns the true measure of the lawlessness in his vicinity while lying in concealment—not in a sweet-smelling apple barrel, but in the fust of an old crypt, with a corpse grinning at his elbow.

When the smugglers have gone, Johnnie starts to skedaddle home, and accidentally tweaks off the corpse's beard, whereupon he notices a locket slung around the flesh-



Fritz Kredel

DESPERATE DEEDS IN DORSETSHIRE
R.L.S. died four years too soon.

less neck. Inside the locket is a ciphered message that leads, after two murders and a mort of escapes and chases, to a diamond "as big as a pigeon's egg" that lies hidden in the wall of an ancient well in Carisbrooke Castle. Thence away to a fence for such merchandise in The Hague, who cheats poor Johnnie out of his diamond and lands him aboard a brig bound for Java—until Author Falkner manages a nick-of-time escape for him.

The Villainous Squire. Falkner has a style as proper to 18th Century adventure as anybody could ask for. His description of the villain, Squire Maskew, is characteristic: "He had a thin face with a sharp nose that looked as if it would peck you, and grey eyes that could pierce a millstone if there was a guinea on the far side of it."

At heart, Falkner was an antiquarian. He delighted in local history and prized his job as honorary reader in paleography at the University of Durham. Five years after *Moonfleet*, he wrote another adventure story, *The Nebuly Coat*, which the critics liked even better, but which did not sell nearly so well as the story of Johnnie Trenchard. It was Falkner's last



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fling as a novelist. Increasingly, like a sensible Englishman, he turned his attention to business. By 1915, he was chairman of the munitions firm of Armstrong, Whitworth & Co. But by 1932, when he died, it was clear that it was *Moonfleet*, not munitions, that had won him a place in history.

Mouse in the Drawing Room

THE FACE OF INNOCENCE (253 pp.)—William Sansom—Harcourt, Brace (\$3).

Harry Camberly's best friend could not have awakened from his afternoon snooze at a more awkward moment. A scant 20 feet from his screening bamboo bickett, on a deserted white strand of Riviera beach, lay Harry's blonde wife Eve and a sinewy French mechanic, making love. Harry's friend squeezed his eyes shut, but his mind ticked on furiously. "How could



NOVELIST SANSOM
He muzzles the tiger in the blood.

Eve prostrate herself in that atrocious way! What lunatic filth presumed in that man's upstart mind to lay a finger on her!" Suddenly, he "felt like murder." Harry's friend might not have been so homicidally inclined if he weren't secretly in love with Eve himself. As for poor old Harry, he was off pounding tennis balls somewhere while his wife played love sets on the beach.

Anyone expecting a crime of passion at this point reckons without the glacial restraint of modern British novelists. Author William Sansom muzzles the tiger in the blood in order to muster a conversational mouse in the drawing room. In *The Face of Innocence*, the crisp, angled light of his prose gives the mouse an exaggerated shadow. So does his main theme: that things are rarely what they seem.

Evie is no *Jemme Fatale*, and Harry's friend (the nameless narrator of the story) is a retiring writer who wouldn't murder a flea except in print. Moreover, the scene on the Riviera beach is part of a cure, not a calamity.



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TIME, AUGUST 13, 1951

A year before, when they married, the world at large took Harry and Eve for "a charming couple." But Harry soon realized that his wife had a dream life as real as her life with him, and twice as romantic. Her favorite myth: that her first and great love was a doomed young daredevil who took up a plane and crashed in flames.

Harry decides that Eve's is a case of innocence unshaken by a rage to live. Perhaps the Riviera will bring her out of her dreams. It does, of course, with the unexpected help of the French mechanic. He disappears into some wild blue yonder, leaving her with a child, and his casual farewell crashes all Eve's myths and completes her cure.

This comparatively happy ending seems more likable than likely. But then, Novelist Sansom's aromatic dish of climate and characters has not been cooked on the fierce front burner of profound truths anyway.

RECENT & READABLE

The Cruel Sea, by Nicholas Monsarrat. A moving novel of life & death on the Atlantic convoy lanes in World War II (TIME, Aug. 6).

Yangtze Incident, by Lawrence Earl. The story of H.M.S. *Amethyst's* memorable dash down the Yangtze after 101 days under Communist guns (TIME, July 23).

The Catcher in the Rye, by J. D. Salinger. A tender-tough story about a 16-year-old who tries on a man-about-town role several sizes too large for him (TIME, July 16).

The Sea Around Us, by Rachel Carson. The life & times of the sea; a first-class popular summary of what scientists have managed to learn about the subject (TIME, July 16).

Traveller's Samples, by Frank O'Connor. Warmhearted Irish stories with an edge to them (TIME, July 16).

This Is War! by David Douglas Duncan. Superb photographs that give an unrivaled sense of what Korea has been like for the foot soldiers who slugged it out (TIME, June 25).

The Teahouse of the August Moon, by Vern Sneider. The U.S. Army sets out to re-educate an Okinawan village and, thanks to ingrained Okinawan philosophy and a couple of geisha girls, gets a dose of re-education of its own (TIME, June 25).

A Soldier's Story, by Omar N. Bradley. The top U.S. military man records the war in Western Europe (TIME, June 18).

The Age of Elegance, by Arthur Bryant. Third volume of a brilliant historical trilogy on England during the Napoleonic era (TIME, June 11).

Some Notes on Lifemanship, by Stephen Potter. How to be a conversational cad (TIME, June 4).

The Ballad of the Sad Café, by Carson McCullers. A novelette, half a dozen short stories and three novels in an impressive omnibus (TIME, June 4).

Invitation to Moscow, by Z. Stypulowski. Gripping personal history by a Polish underground leader who refused to "confess," despite 70 days & nights of Soviet-style interrogation (TIME, June 4).



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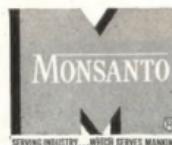
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MISCELLANY

Audience Participation. In Camden, N.J., ambulance attendants sped to the scene of a traffic accident, found the drivers unhurt, returned to the hospital with three women spectators who had fainted.

No Fueling? In High Point, N.C., thieves broke into a store, stole four cigarette lighters, next night slipped in again to get four packages of flints.

The Eyes Have It. In Chicago Professional Panhandler Thomas Murphy was arrested in the midst of his blind-beggar routine when a policeman asked: "Didn't I arrest you a few months ago?" and was assured by Murphy: "I never saw you before in my life."

Out of Season. In Lima, Peru, Alberto Gálvez Reyna explained to police why he took a potshot at friends who sang a birthday serenade beneath his window: "It was not my birthday."

Workman's Compensation. In Coventry, England, Richard Bell, professional beer taster, was fined \$56 for drunken driving.

Southern Hospitality. In Pennington Gap, Va., at the dedication of the new Lee County jail, Carpenter Lee Maness, the first workman on the building, over-celebrated, became its first inmate.

Dark Victory. In La Unión, Chile, Farmer Osvaldo Riquelme heard noises from his chicken house, ran to investigate, strangled what he thought was an intruding dog, learned by daylight that he had killed a large black puma.

Hear Yee, Hear Yee. In San Francisco, Telephone Operator Marie Yee, represented by Attorney Samuel E. Yee (no kin), won a divorce from John Yee on testimony of her sister Rosemary Yee and got court permission to resume her maiden name: Marie Yee.

It Can't Happen There. In Los Angeles, a proposed law requiring fan dancers to carry identification cards "at all times" was defeated when County Supervisor Roger Jessup asked: "Where?"

Weather Report. In Atlanta, police tallied up some of the effects of a ten-day heat wave, found that wife beatings were up 700%.

Fowl Play. In Spokane, after Dennis Williams set up a stuffed owl on the roof, the cooing pigeons which had been harassing him nightly moved out and two live, hooting owls moved in.

Missing Links. In Vancouver, B.C., police sought four tospots who had been pushing each other into a moat to entertain the sober inhabitants of Stanley Park's monkey house.

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